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JUNE 3, 1899

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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190

LONDON

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**THE GRAPHIC, JUNE 3, 1899**

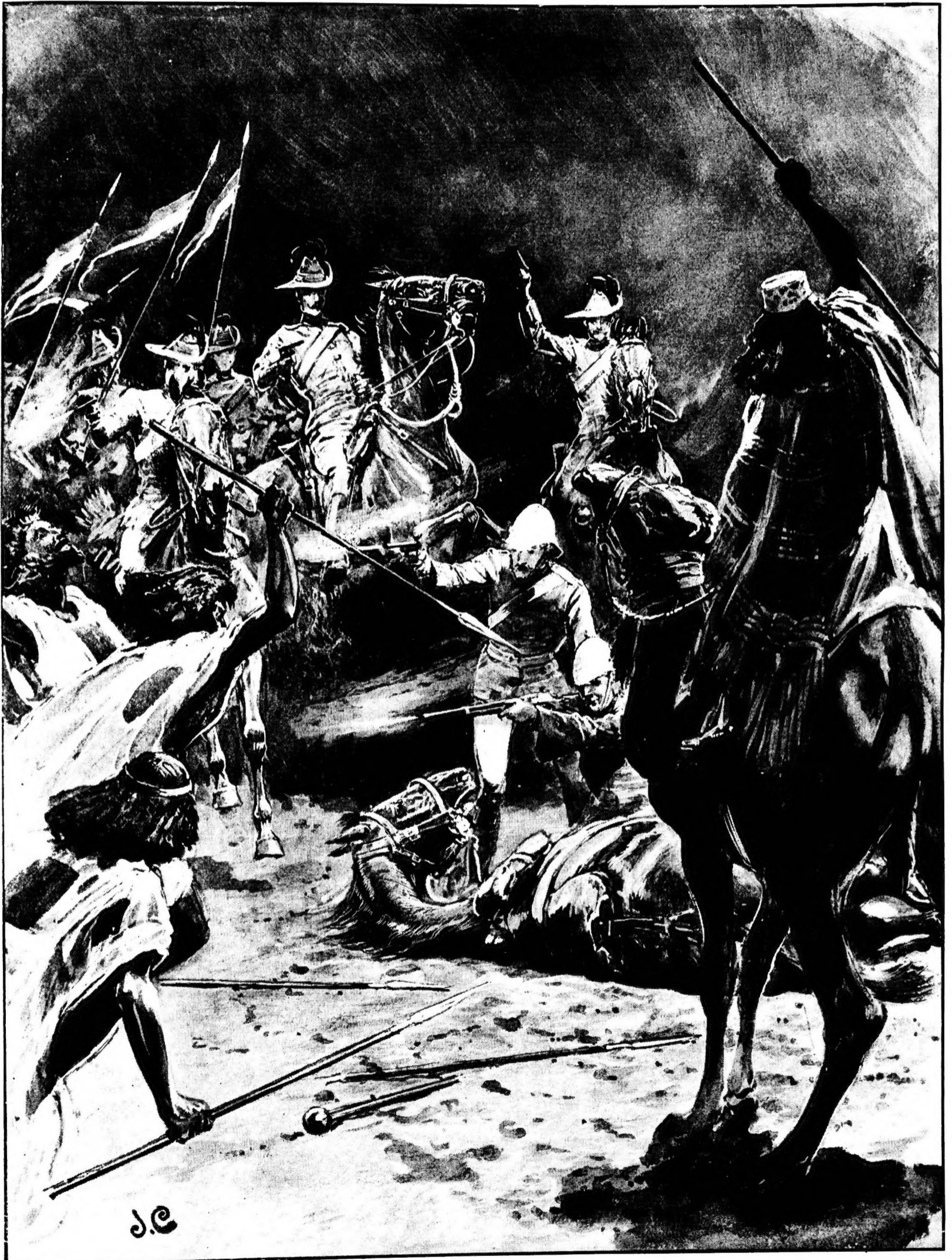
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1899

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT "The Military Tournament" [PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post, 9½d.



NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS RESCUING THE 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS FROM DERVISHES  
BRITISH AND AUSTRALIAN CAVALRY AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT  
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

## Topics of the Week

## In Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE past week will be historic in the moral, as well as the judicial, history of France. It marks the triumph not merely of truth over judicial error or of poetic justice over a singularly audacious and unscrupulous conspiracy, but also of moral principles in a great social and political conflict in which the honour and good repute of the French nation have been at stake. Justice, tardy, but, we hope and believe, full, is at last to be rendered to the unhappy Alfred Dreyfus. That he was the victim not only of a judicial error, but of a wicked reactionary conspiracy, is now generally recognised. The so-called patriots who counted on the stupidity or knavery of the judges of the highest tribunal in the country to obstruct the march of truth, have been disappointed, for, as we write, Revision is on the point of being pronounced by the Court of Cassation. All the elaborate efforts to obscure the real issue, all the exquisite dialectics by which M. Cavaignac sought to compensate for lack of evidence, all the threats of the generals, and the fulminations of fanatics, have proved unavailing. There are still judges in France, as there were in Berlin in the days of the autocratic Frederic, and these judges have shown that they are worthy of their ermine and of the great trust reposed in them by the nation. The work of reparation of which the Court of Cassation has become the instrument is of an importance far exceeding the limits of the Dreyfus case in its judicial aspects. Those who have followed the case intently cannot have failed to note that it has been seized upon as an excuse and an occasion for a struggle of far-reaching social and political scope. If the whole nation has taken part in it, it has not been because everybody was equally interested in the fate of Dreyfus. The reason is that it has set in motion great social forces, and that, over the prison-house of the unfortunate Jew, a violent struggle has been waged between the military and civil powers, between sectarian hate and Liberal tolerance, between the gospel of Authority and the evangel of Right. For months the Republic has trembled in fear of a military Dictator. There have been fanatics who have not scrupled to talk of a new Saint Bartholomew. Defenders of a crime on the score of expediency have stood forth unabashed. In this great struggle the course of Light and Right and the principles which made pleasant the dawn of the century have at length been vindicated. How great this triumph is only those can know who have felt the pulse of the reactionary forces at work, and have seen closely and how desperately they fought. It is not too much to say that in the Dreyfus case the principles not only of French justice, but of French political liberty have been strikingly vindicated. The battle has redounded to the credit of the French people in another way. The courage, the enthusiasm for high ideals, the spirit of self-sacrifice shown by such men as Zola, Clémenceau, Jaurès, Picquart and Dreyfus have illustrated the nobler side of the French character, and have created a fine tradition of conduct for coming generations of Frenchmen. One almost hesitates to be sorry that there should have been a Dreyfus case when one reflects on the impulse it has given to the better instincts of the nation, and on the vindication it has enabled it to accomplish of principles which lie at the root of social well-being and of all moral progress.

Evidence continues to accumulate that those cheery people who expressed an optimist view of the Anglo-Russian Agreement spoke too hastily. Instead of diminishing the friction between the two Powers in the Far East, it appears to have produced precisely the contrary effect. It is no longer open to question that Russia, having secured a good base in Manchuria, and a pretty firm grip on Peking itself, is now pushing down south towards the Yangtse Valley. Not content with that, either, her representative has just forbidden the Tsung-li-Yamen to permit the construction of a projected line from the south. The object of these somewhat startling manoeuvres is plain enough: our great rival is striving to draw the vast trade of the Yangtse basin to that part of China which seems destined to fall eventually under Russian control. Ostensibly, the British sphere of interest would be left alone, but it would have about as much value as the skin of a sucked orange. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that our Government will insist on retaining the right of way granted to the Peking Syndicate by the Tsung-li-Yamen some time back for the very line which M. de Witte forbids. It would simply ruin our future trade with the Southern Celestials were their commerce diverted from its natural outlets on the littoral.

THE appearance of the House of Commons since work was resumed lends some colour to the quaint suspicion that Ministers will find a difficulty in keeping the House open into the first week in August. It is an old device of the managers of Government business to put down Supply as the first Order of the Day on the resumption of sittings after a holiday. What Ministers care least to see in such circumstances is a big House. As a rule the more members present in Committee of Supply the fewer votes are snatched. The contrary holds good, and the most cheerful spectacle the Secretary to the Treasury can view when the House gets into Committee of Supply is a waste of empty benches.

On the eve of the adjournment for the Recess Mr. Arthur Balfour improved upon the ordinary procedure. He not only put down Supply for Thursday and Friday in this week, but he carefully excluded Irish votes and other controversial matters. His strategy would doubtless be rewarded by the clearance of whole blocks of votes, any couple of which would in the good old days, when Mr. Eigg was paramount, have sufficed to keep things going through a long sitting.

In spite of the hearty goodwill shown to Mr. Robson's Half-Timers' Bill, which carried it triumphantly through the second reading, Wednesday's sitting was looked forward to not without apprehension. Not only was it Derby Day but a brilliant summer day. Whether members would give up to the children what was meant for mankind at Epsom was a question of some gravity. In the event it turned out that duty was placed above pleasure. From the moment the Speaker took the Chair apprehension of failure through a count out disappeared. A division taken within the first hour disclosed the presence of over 170 members. This increased as the afternoon sped, till towards the close of the sitting the House presented an appearance rare on a Wednesday, unprecedented on a Derby Day.

The Opposition, when it risked the disclosure of the Division Lobby, was found to be absolutely insignificant. Once the minority ran up as far as sixty-three; but it was oftener under a score. It was composed almost exclusively of Lancashire members, though in one of the divisions Lord Cranborne, most unwillingly, as he admitted, voted in support of an amendment reducing the age of half-timers to eleven and a half instead of twelve as proposed by the Bill. Mr. Robson had cleverly "nobbled" the agricultural members by a proviso clause which made it possible for children in agricultural districts to work in the fields in summer, making up their school time in winter. The only danger to the Bill was prolongation of the debate carrying it over the limited hours practicable at a Wednesday sitting. On this plan of campaign the small force of obstructionists won. By the aid of the Closure, moved just before half-past five, Mr. Robson was able to carry through Committee the one clause of the Bill. But there remained a series of new clauses, and so the affair stands over.

## The Queen and Her People

BIRTHDAY congratulations to the Queen are still the order of the day. London keeps the Royal birthday officially to-day (Saturday) with all the usual pomp and ceremony of trooping the colour at the Horse Guards, official banquets and receptions, salutes in the Parks, much bell-ringing, flag-flying, and the customary illuminations. One special feature of the celebration has been the unanimity with which all nationalities and creeds under the Queen's rule have joined in congratulations.

A hearty Highland welcome awaited the Queen on her arrival at Balmoral on Saturday. The Balmoral Highlanders were drawn up in two lines to welcome the Royal party at the gates, and as soon as the Royal carriage appeared Her Majesty's Commissioner, Mr. James Forbes, came forward with a few words of welcome. Her Majesty was delighted with her greetings, and added to her thanks the remark, "I am pleased to be amongst you again in my Highland home." The short speech raised hearty cheers, and a procession was then formed to the Castle, the pipers marching in front playing Scotch airs. Princess Beatrice will not be in Scotland this spring, as she has gone on a short visit to Germany, taking her second son, Prince Leopold. After a course of waters at Kissingen the Princess will pay a round of family visits, staying with Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg at Heiligenberg, with her sister-in-law, the Countess von Erbach, at Castle Schönberg and with the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg at Rosenau in the Thüringian Forest.

With the Prince and Princess of Wales once more at Marlborough House and taking their share in Court functions, the London season grows much brighter. The Princess was at the Opera for the first time this season on Saturday night, occupying the Royal box with Princess Victoria to hear the *Meistersingers*, while the Prince and the Duke of York were in the omnibus box. The Prince had come back to town that day from Yarmouth. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg were at the German Chapel Royal for the morning Service, and afterwards lunched together, while in the afternoon the Prince and Princess Victoria with the Duke and Duchess went to the Zoo. Next day the Prince of Wales held a Levée, when the attendance was extremely large, some 2,000 gentlemen being present with 800 presentations—a record number. It was a "Collar Day."

Afterwards the Prince accompanied Princess Victoria and the Grand Duke of Hesse, with a large party, to the Military Tournament. Epsom races have, of course, claimed the Prince on the succeeding days, but the Princesses have not been present this year. There was the usual Derby dinner at Marlborough House on Wednesday, and another night the Prince was presiding at the annual banquet of the 10th Hussars. The State Concert was fixed for last (Friday) night. Princess Charles of Denmark is still staying with her parents, but she has been slightly indisposed and unable to go out much.

This month will see another Royal wedding, the marriage of the Crown Prince of Montenegro with the Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz being fixed for June 30. It is not all quite smooth sailing for the Royal lovers, as the bride-elect has decided to adopt her future husband's faith, and enter the Greek Church, so the Mecklenburgers—rigid Lutherans—are highly indignant at what they consider their Princess's apostasy.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

AN interesting account and picture of Dotheboys Hall in *The Daily Graphic*—from which I learn that the contents of the notable building have recently dispersed—reminds me of a pleasant visit I made to the place a few years ago. There is scarcely a spot in Dickensland that I have not visited—I began my travels in that fascinating country at the age of ten—and there is no place so little changed as Bowes in Yorkshire. Save the absence of coaches and the disappearance of the notorious schools, the village can have altered but little since Charles Dickens paid his famous visit to the place in 1838. It was a lovely August day when I found myself in this quarter, but I could imagine what a bleak, unsheltered, hopeless place it must be in snowtime. I was especially warned that I must not say anything about Dotheboys Hall, or I might find myself under the village pump. I, however, had the place pointed out to me, and I gazed upon the front of it and then went round and inspected the back of it, every moment expecting to be interviewed by an irate proprietor. However, I was unmolested, and had plenty of time to recognise the celebrated pump and the wondrous accuracy of the description in "Nicholas Nickleby." Indeed I was struck with this, both as regards the village and the surrounding country. I was shown in the churchyard the tombs of those said to be the originals of Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, young Wackford and Fanny. Subsequently I had lunch at the "Unicorn," I think, and the landlord told me his mother recollected seeing Charles Dickens in Bowes. I afterwards took my way along the road to Greta Bridge—where Nicholas and Squeers drove in the pony-chaise that dismal night—and presently bore away to the right, through High Startforth, and eventually reached picturesque Barnard Castle. On arriving there I was hot and somewhat exhausted. I then recollected that Newman Noggs said, "If you should go to Barnard Castle there is excellent ale at the King's Head." You may be sure I did not lose a moment in availing myself of his admirable suggestion.

A correspondent of the *Times* says:—"If pedestrians wish to cross the Thames at Charing Cross (Hungerford Bridge) they now have to descend a steep street and climb a flight of steep wooden steps—a quite unnecessary labour, since the bridge is on an exact level with Charing Cross Station, and should be approachable through it. As the South-Eastern Railway is about to expand the station the public should have this slight accommodation." I called attention to this matter in this column more than three years ago, and demonstrated how easily the matter might be accomplished. As far as I understand, the principal enlargement of the station will take place on the western side, so unless some agitation is made on the subject the public will have to go on enduring the same inconvenience to which they have submitted for over thirty years. What the authorities were about when the railway company was permitted to take over the bridge that they did not insist upon a direct communication with the Strand is altogether difficult to understand. A light iron balcony outside the station wall, extending from the wooden steps to the stone steps leading to Charing Cross Station, would effectually answer all purposes, and would in no wise encroach on the space of the terminus. On the Surrey side the descent from Hungerford Bridge to the Belvedere Road is badly planned and inconvenient. It would have been much better to have continued the footpath by the side of the railway to Waterloo Station, with staircases at suitable intervals.

And this leads one to propose that a new advantage for foot-passengers—the most numerous and important class, but always the last to be considered—might be easily carried out. Why should there not be light iron balconies attached to all the railway viaducts that traverse London, with staircases leading to the principal streets they cross? There would be no great engineering difficulty about this, and it would be an immense boon to the pedestrians. Railways usually go the most direct route from one place to another in London. Hence the foot-passengers would be able to take a short cut without fear of being run over. It would be a saving of time and of money, to say nothing of the advantage of walking for a time in a better atmosphere. I commend this suggestion to the immediate attention of the County Council.

Everyone at the present moment—whether he knows anything about the subject or not—whether his name conveys weight or the reverse—seems compelled to say his say, write letters in newspapers, enter protests, and otherwise distinguish himself by delivering his opinions with regard to the decorations of Saint Paul's Cathedral. The most remarkable part of the whole business is—especially looking at the time the decorations have been in hand—that it is only within the last few months that anybody has troubled himself on the subject. Without going into the question in dispute, it appears to me that if the voices of the objectors had been raised earlier, everyone would have been spared a great deal of trouble, and any mistake might have been more easily obliterated. One way and another I have had a good deal to say on Saint Paul's at different times. It is a good while ago since I wrote an article entitled "The Uncathedrality of the Cathedral," in which I had something to say with regard to the Restoration Fund, and I trusted that the money would not be frittered away in squabbles, and I hazarded my conviction that the battle of taste would be a somewhat fierce one.

My suggestion that when the houses of notable people are pulled down a record of the fact should be indelibly inscribed on the pavement opposite to the demolished mansion, might well be carried out in the case of Joseph Mallord William Turner. Who passing through Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, nowadays could point out where stood the barber's shop where the greatest of all landscape painters was born nearly a century and a quarter ago? I could, because at one time I wrote a chronicle of this lane—formerly one of the most picturesque thoroughfares in London—and took a great deal of trouble to find out about its inhabitants. But, probably, there is not one person in a thousand who passes through the lane knows that the great artist ever was associated with it. If the fact were indicated by a stone with a suitable inscription thereon in the footway immediately opposite the site of the house referred to, it would not only fix the spot before it is forgotten, but would lend an extra interest to a thoroughfare that is rapidly becoming reduced to the commonplace character of other London streets.





SENOR K. DE VILLA URRUTIA (SPAIN)  
Spanish Minister in Brussels



TURKHAN PASHA (TURKEY)  
Ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs and Councillor of State



LOUIS RENAULT (FRANCE)  
Professor of the Faculty of Law



COUNT VON WELSENHEIMB (AUSTRIA-HUNGARY)  
Head of the Foreign Office at Vienna



F. B. DE BILLE (DENMARK)  
Danish Minister in London



GENERAL ZUCCARI (ITALY)  
Formerly Military Attaché to the Embassy in Berlin



CAPTAIN BIANCO, R.I.N. (ITALY)  
Naval Attaché to the Embassy in London



HIS EXCELLENCY A. OKOLICSANYI  
D'OKOLICSNA (AUSTRIA-HUNGARY)  
Austrian Minister at The Hague



T. M. C. ASSER (HOLLAND)  
Member of the Council of State



BARON DE BILDT (SWEDEN AND NORWAY)  
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PROFESSOR MARTENS (RUSSIA)  
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HIS EXCELLENCY YANG-YU (CHINA)  
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VICE-ADMIRAL PEPHAU (FRANCE)



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Portuguese Minister at Madrid



MR. ANDREW D. WHITE (UNITED STATES)  
American Ambassador at Berlin



SENOR A. DE BAGUER (SPAIN)  
Spanish Minister at The Hague



GENERAL MONNIER (FRANCE)  
General of Brigade



THE LATE ROSA BONHEUR IN HER STUDIO  
FROM THE PICTURE BY G. ACHILLE-FOULD

## Our Portraits

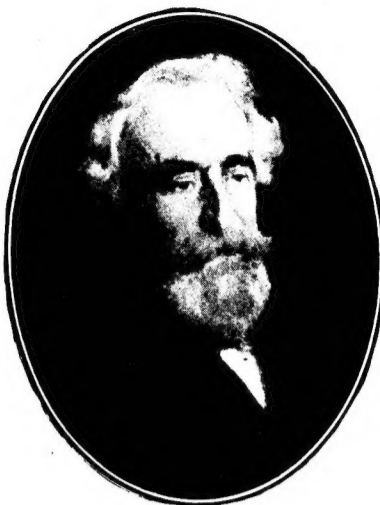
SENOR EMILIO CASTELAR, whose death was announced from Madrid last week, was a man of European reputation both as a statesman and an orator. He was born in 1832, and at an early age took a very active part in the political controversies of his country, and wrote a great deal for newspapers with advanced opinions. In 1864 he founded a newspaper called the *Democracy*, in which he set forth his political ideas. In 1866 he took part in the revolutionary rising which was suppressed by Serrano, and being condemned to death, fled to Geneva. When the Revolution of 1868 broke out Señor Castelar returned to Spain, and became a leader of the Democratic party. He demanded the proclamation of a Republic, and protested against the restoration of the monarchy. But although he carried on an active campaign in the provinces, the Republicans were beaten at the polls, and the Duke of Aosta was proclaimed King in 1870 under the title of Amadeus I. Two years later the King abdicated. Señor Castelar became Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs, and a Republic was proclaimed. Señor Castelar had no easy task before him, for he had to combat the insubordination of the generals and a Carlist rising. These difficulties he faced unflinchingly, but dissensions in his own Cabinet caused him to resign. With him fell the Republic, and Alphonso XII. was proclaimed King. After the restoration Señor Castelar became Chief of the Republican party, and to the last he remained the foremost exponent of Liberal ideas in Spain. Lately, however, he had ceased to exercise much influence in politics. He wrote many books—histories, essays, and travels—which have been widely read in Europe and America.

Sir George Gabriel Stokes has just attained the rare distinction of occupying a chair at a University for half a century, and the event has been duly celebrated at Cambridge, where he has spent so much of his life. Sir Gabriel Stokes is the son of the Rev. Gabriel Stokes, rector of Skreen, County Sligo, and was born in 1819. He was educated first at Dublin and Bristol, and then at Pembroke College, Cambridge. At the University he had a most distinguished career, being Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman in 1841, in which year his college made him a Fellow. He vacated his Fellowship on his marriage, in 1857, but was re-elected in 1867. In 1849 he was appointed Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and has held that post ever since. Sir Gabriel Stokes was Secretary of the Royal Society from 1854 to 1855 in which year he became President, and held that office for five years. In 1869 he was President of the British Association. From 1887 to 1892 he represented his University in the House of Commons, sitting as a Conservative. He was created a baronet in 1889.—Our portrait is by Window and Grove, Baker Street.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the well-known American millionaire, who has settled at Skibo Castle, Ardgay, N.B., is credited with the philanthropic intention of distributing most of his wealth in his lifetime. He has just given 50,000*l.* to the Midland University. Mr. Carnegie, the "Iron King" as he is called, is a Scotsman by birth, having been born in Dumfermline in 1835. His family took him to the United States when he was ten years old, and two years later he began his business career by attending a small stationary engine in Pittsburgh. Then he became a telegraph messenger, and later he was appointed an operator. While clerk to the superintendent of Pennsylvania Railroad Company, he aided in the adoption by that company of the Woodruff sleeping car, and this was the beginning of his great success. He was made superintendent of the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania road, and soon afterwards acquired an interest in some oil wells that proved very profitable. Subsequently he became associated with others in establishing a rolling mill, which grew to be the largest and most complete system of iron and steel industries in the world ever controlled by one individual. Besides these enterprises Mr. Carnegie is the owner of a number of English newspapers of Radical views. Mr. Carnegie is well known for his philanthropy, and has given away large sums for educational and charitable purposes, especially in Scotland.—Our portrait is by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

Mr. Peter Nicol Russell, the wealthy Australian now residing in this country, is a prominent man in New South Wales. In Sydney, where his home is, he is especially well known for his generous philanthropy. He founded the School of Engineering in the University of Sydney. Mr. Russell enjoys the unusual distinction of having his portrait twice in the same exhibition at the Royal Academy. One of these is by Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., and is an oil painting. It is from this picture that our portrait of Mr. Russell is reproduced. The other figures on medals by Mr. Allan Wyon.

Mr. Richard Croker, who has just arrived in this



MR. P. N. RUSSELL  
The Australian Philanthropist



SIR GABRIEL STOKES  
Professor at Cambridge for fifty years



THE LATE SENOR CASTELAR  
The Spanish Republican Leader



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE  
Millionaire and Philanthropist



MR. RICHARD CROKER  
The "Tammany Tiger"



SIR G. A. PILKINGTON  
New M.P. for Lancs., Southport Division

country from New York, is the organiser of that political institution known as Tammany Hall. His departure from New York was the occasion of a great display of enthusiasm by his friends and supporters. Mr. Croker has recently been before the Mazet Committee which was appointed by the State Legislature to inquire into the municipal corruption of New York City. Mr. Croker admitted practically that he was the ruler of New York. His control over Tammany was complete, and the nominees of Tammany were his nominees. He selected the Mayor and all the other chief candidates whom the people elected, and they were all obedient to his will. Even the judges owed their appointment to him.—Our portrait is by Edsall.

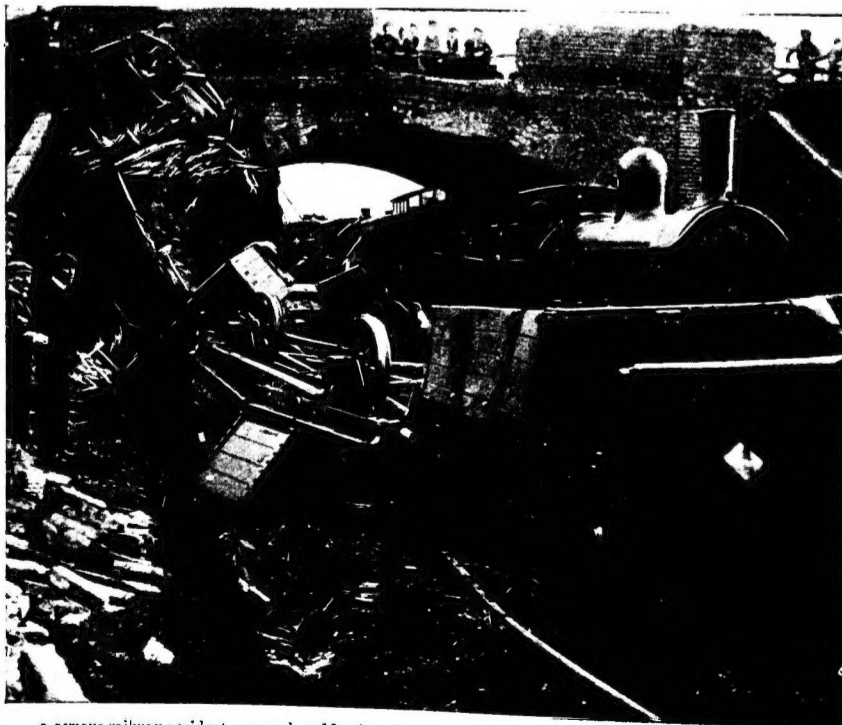
Sir George Augustus Pilkington, who has just been returned to Parliament as a Liberal for the Southport Division of Lancashire, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland, is a son of Mr. Robert Gorton Combe, surgeon, of Burnham, Essex, and was born in 1848. He was educated for the medical profession at Guy's Hospital, obtaining his M.R.C.S. and L.S.A. in 1870. He practised medicine in Southport from 1870 to 1884. He married in 1876 Mary Elizabeth, the only daughter of Mr. James Pilkington, J.P. and D.L., formerly for nineteen years M.P. for Blackburn, and on the death of Mr. Pilkington's only son assumed the surname of Pilkington in lieu of Combe. He was Mayor of Southport in 1884-5, and again in 1892, is a Lancashire County Alderman, and a J.P. for Lancashire and the North Riding of Yorkshire. He was knighted in 1893, and at the beginning of this year was gazetted hon. colonel of the 4th Volunteer Battalion of the King's Liverpool

where they lived, than elsewhere. So Rosa was set to learning dress-making, and she ate out her heart at the trade until she could bear it no longer. After a time she threw herself into her art, and at the age of nineteen made her *début* in the Salon of 1841 with two little pictures called "Two Rabbits" and "Goats and Sheep." In order to study cattle she went to the slaughter-houses and their neighbourhood, to study horses to the horse market; but horsey characters are not always respectfully predisposed towards a modest, well-towered young girl, nor are provincial butchers the most delicate in chosen word and habit. The crowd that gathered impeded her, their criticisms flamed her cheeks; she, therefore, had recourse to stratagem, and adopted the blouse and trousers of the artisan, which in her own home she retained the use of to her dying day.

To this training we owe her wonderful insight in the rendering of animals and her weakness in the representation of landscape. She nearly always found extreme difficulty in her backgrounds, and even in the setting of her chief subjects in their landscape surroundings, so that they might be one with them, she never showed great facility. The fault, too, was not one of deficient interest in landscape merely, but in a certain poverty of colour which was herent and remained to the end. Yet the blemish was rarely so acute as to force itself unduly upon the notice of the general beholder, while the merits blinded many an observer and even compelled the forgiveness of the acutest. Although not so powerful as Morland, as powerful as James Ward, or as vigorous in her use of colour as Mr. Briton Riviere, she was broader than Brangwyn, and far more natural than Landseer. She never stopped to humanise her beasts; there was neither supernatural intelligence nor the trail of the circus about them; but, on the other hand, they were usually the rather matter-of-fact portraits of the brutes that she gave, and on those occasions when she was particularly inspired. In the "Labourage Nivernais" at Luxembourg, and in the "Horse Fair," she can be seen at her best as an animal draughtsman, but it would be unjust to say that she did not sometimes excel both these pictures in technique. The small version of the last-named, now in the National Gallery, must not be accepted as representative of her best work.

And so she worked her way on, dealing with cattle, horses, and finally with wild beasts, until paintable animals that had not passed through her hands were few. She received on every hand sympathy, encouragement, and applause until she became recognised throughout the land as one of the glories of the French school. Even now, when the method is voted old-fashioned, Rosa Bonheur is freely conceded the honour she achieved for her art, and the character of her work guarantees for her the present place for many a year to come in France and America.

In course of time, Mme. Bonheur made the acquaintance on a business footing of Mr. Gambart, a picture-dealer, who raised her reputation, financially speaking, and did her good service in persuading her to come to this country to paint English and Scotch kine in meadow land and on sweet moor and forest. To such good purpose did her work that some of her very finest things were produced here, or in Paris, from her English sketches and cartoons. Some of the very finest of these cartoons are now hanging in M. Gambart's house in Nice. Opposite to that house is another, built by him for the artist, that she might work in the sunny south; but only for awhile did she occupy it, and now its studio seems chiefly to awaken wonder in the passer-by as to who might be the fortunate painter whom so fine a structure may shelter.

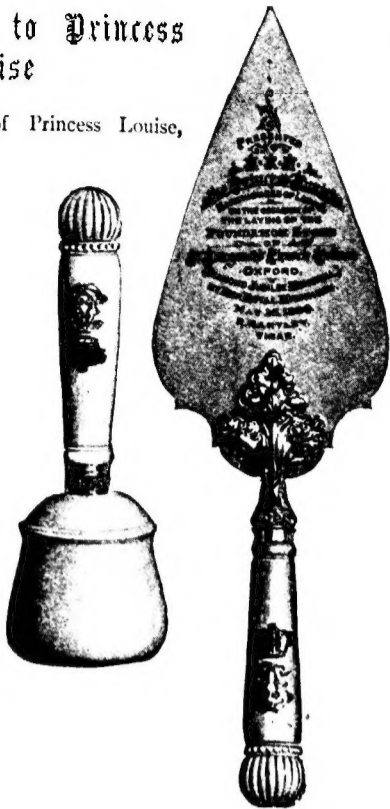


A serious railway accident occurred on Monday afternoon on the Frimley and Camberley branch of the South-Western Railway to a goods train consisting of some forty trucks. The train was running from Willesden to Southampton Docks. After passing through Camberley Station the trucks nearest to the engine ran off the line. There was a terrible smash, the following trucks being telescoped and thrown one upon the other. The engine escaped the wreck and kept the line. The guard and the brakesman of the train were found to be badly injured. The former died soon after being removed. The permanent way was severely damaged for a considerable distance. The damage was done to a bridge which carries the main traffic over the line.—Our photograph is by Charles Knight, Aldershot

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR CAMBERLEY: THE SCENE AT YORKHAM BRIDGE

## Presentation to Princess Louise

On the occasion of Princess Louise, the Princess of Wales, laying the foundation-stone of Margaret's Tower, Oxford, which is a Jubilee memorial—last year Her Royal Highness was presented with a trowel and mallet. The mallet was of solid silver with ivory handle and heavy mounts. The mallet to match was mounted with a handle of ivory and article is the mallet and initials of H. in colours. The whole of the ceremony was carried out by the Goldsmith and Silver Company, Limited, Regent Street.



## Music

### "DIE MEISTERSINGER" AT THE OPERA

The first Wagner cycle ended on Saturday, but a fresh series of special German performances commenced on Monday, when *Die Meistersinger*, which had been given on Saturday night, was again performed. The early repetition of Wagner's only comic opera was rendered necessary by the engagement of Herr Scheidtmantel, who came over from Germany expressly to play his famous part of Hans Sachs, but who had only a week's rest from his duties at Dresden, and, accordingly, had to leave London again on Tuesday. His visit, though short, was very welcome, as he is certainly one of the finest impersonators we have yet had of the bluff, honest, and warm-hearted German cobbler poet. He is a better singer than M. Lassalle, and a better actor than M. Edouard de Reszké, with whose names the character is chiefly associated in England, at any rate to those too young to recollect Herr Gura, a vocalist by the way, who is again returning to London this month to sing the lieder of Schubert and Carl Löwe. Indeed, Saturday's performance was one of the finest we have had of *Die Meistersinger* in London. Frau Gadski, particularly, was a charming representative of Eva, vivacious in the scenes with her lover, though demure enough in the church scene in the first act, and most diverting in her wheedling of Hans Sachs in the second act. Mr. Bispham rather exaggerated the character of Beckmesser, a part which far too easily lends itself to pantomime. But, on the other hand, quite a new reading was given to the two characters of the apprentice and his sweetheart by Herr Schramm and Frau Schumann-Heink, the latter developing a vein of humour which could hardly be expected from the typical representative of Ortrud and Fricka.

### RETURN OF MADAME MELBA

Madame Melba wisely postponed her re-appearance from the eve of Whit Sunday to last Thursday, when a brilliant audience assembled to welcome her back. She selected Juliette for her entrée, singing the music brilliantly (although the waltz was a little out of tune), and acting with far more vivacity than she used to. M. Saléza was still rather out of voice owing to the recent inclement weather, but M. Edouard de Reszké, who now made his first appearance this season, was again a noble representative of Friar Lawrence. On Tuesday Madame Melba played Marguerite for the first time this season, and on Saturday that now quite out of date opera, *Lucia*, will be revived for her.

### ROYAL HONOURS FOR THE SINGERS

M. Jean de Reszké has been invested by the Queen with the Fourth Class of the Royal Victorian Order, an honour hitherto granted to only two musicians, namely, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Signor Tosti. The Queen gave M. Edouard a silver goblet, and to Madame Nordica, who slept at Windsor, and Frau

Schumann-Heink jewelled brooches. The artists who sang in the previous week in *The Hymn of Praise* before the Queen have likewise received presents, the eminent English tenor, Mr. Edward Lloyd, having a huge silver inkstand and writing set, engraved with the Royal Arms.

There will be yet another Royal performance at Windsor Castle when the Court returns from Balmoral. When the Queen was in the Riviera Signor Leoncavallo appeared before her, and Her Majesty promised to command him to Windsor in the course of the season. Accordingly the composer will come to England early in July, when his *Pagliacci* will be performed in the Waterloo Gallery by the artists of the Royal Opera. As Signor Puccini will then also be in England, it is not improbable that he will conduct in the same programme a performance of his *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

## Toy Dog Show

THE great Toy Dog Show opened at the Crystal Palace this week attracted many visitors. The show was not altogether restricted to animals of the toy class, as a great many large dogs were exhibited. Ladies assembled in strong force to look after their pets on exhibition. These for the most part reposed on silk cushions or the softest of rugs, and it was only a few that were relegated to straw. In many cases they were fed by their owners, but when this was not the case they were looked after by the attendants of the Palace. May Queen II., Mrs. Graves's Blenheim bitch, which has already won over 150 prizes, was again prominent among the successful animals, and won first prizes and a championship.



Mrs. A. Bruner's Schipperke "Lobengula"  
First Prize (Limit)



Mrs. M. Mayo's Pug "Earl of Presbury"  
Three First Prizes and Championship



Mrs. Syr's Dachshund Bitch "Sweet Maid"  
First Prize in Open and Limit



Mrs. Schlaferman's Toy Bulldog  
"Kubush"  
First Special and Championship



Mrs. Constance Monk's Black and Tan  
Toy Bitch "Cheeky"  
First Prize (Winners), First (Open),  
and Championship



Mrs. Graves's Blenheim Bitch "May Queen II."  
First Prizes and Championship

### AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE TOY DOG SHOW



AMONG THE SPECTATORS



SIR JOHN THURSBY LEADS OFF

It was hardly coaching weather last Saturday when the Coaching Club met in Hyde Park, but thirty-four coaches came out, and sixteen of them went in procession to Hurlingham.

### THE MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB IN HYDE PARK

FROM SKETCHES BY A. RACKHAM

## The Final Stage of the Dreyfus Case

THE Cour de Cassation, which has been considering the question of revising the Dreyfus case, is the highest Court of Appeal in France, and consists of three Presidents of Chamber and forty-five Councillors, all of them appointed *aut vita aut culpa*, and irremovable. The Court has also, as *Magistrat du Parquet*, a Procurator-General and six Advocates-General. The First President is M. Mazeau, who was appointed in 1890. The Procurator-General is M. Manau. The Court is divided into three Chambers—the Chambre des Requêtes (Petitions), the Civil Chamber and Criminal Chamber. Each of these consists of a President, fifteen Councillors, two Advocates-General and a *Greffier*, or Clerk of the Court. The President of the Chambre des Requêtes is M. Tanon, who was appointed in 1893, that of the Civil Chamber, M. Ballot Beupré (appointed in 1883), the successor of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire (whose theatrical resignation caused such a sensation), and that of the Criminal Chamber is M. Loew, who received his appointment in 1896.

The Hall in which the whole Court has been sitting to deliberate over the Dreyfus case is a sumptuous though small building. Sculptured figures, fine paintings, and an imposing picture of the Crucifixion adorn the walls, while the ceiling is beautifully decorated.

The Dreyfus case has been so long before us that it is useful to be reminded of some of the leading facts. The case, it will be remembered, was referred to the Cour de Cassation last September after the court-martial of Esterhazy, the two trials of M. Zola, the confession and suicide of Colonel Henry, the arrest of Colonel Picquart, and other events had thrown a flood of light upon the kind of justice that had been meted out to the unhappy Dreyfus. Then at length M. Brisson succeeded in obtaining a majority within his Cabinet in favour of the revision of the Dreyfus case. The whole matter was then referred to the Criminal Chamber of the Cour de Cassation. The reporter or councillor entrusted with the summary of the evidence was M. Bard. Then followed M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire's resignation and accusations against M. Loew and M. Bard. M. Mazeau, the First President of the Cour de Cassation, was ordered by the Government to inquire into the truth of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire's accusations. M. Mazeau, after hearing evidence given in support of and against M. de Beaurepaire's allegations, gave in his report to the Government, who decided, on his recommendations, that the case should be referred to the whole Cour de Cassation, and that it should not be left to the Criminal Chamber alone to decide on the matter, although M. de Beaurepaire cast no reflection on the honour of that Chamber. M. Mazeau, the First President of the Cour de Cassation, thereupon made M. Ballot Beupré reporter of the case. He has this week read his report, and the conclusion he has arrived at is that ex-Captain Dreyfus should be sent for trial again before a court-martial. The scene in court during the reading of the report was most impressive. The judges in their robes and the small body of the general public who were admitted by ticket all listened intently to M. Ballot Beupré, who read his report in a very clear and emphatic manner. He caused a sensation in Court by stating that his conviction was that the *bordereau* was written by Esterhazy, and not by Dreyfus. When he concluded his speech with a voice tremulous with emotion the spectators forgot that they were in the highest Court of Justice in France and burst into cheers.



M. BALLOT BEUPRÉ  
Reporter on the Dreyfus Case to the Cour de Cassation

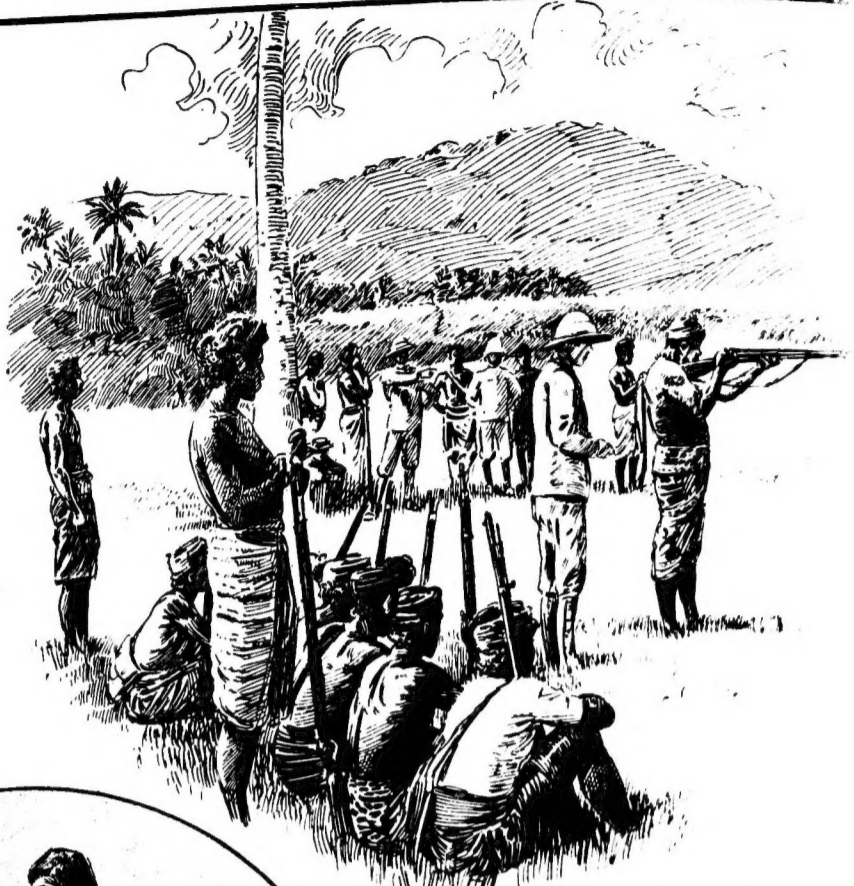
WE REGRET that in a portion of our issue last week the Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, was wrongly mentioned as Sir Alfred Austen.

A QUINQUENNIAL CENSUS for the United Kingdom is being suggested. Not only other European countries number their people every five years, but several of the British colonies, so that it is rather an anomaly for the Mother Country to take only a decennial census.

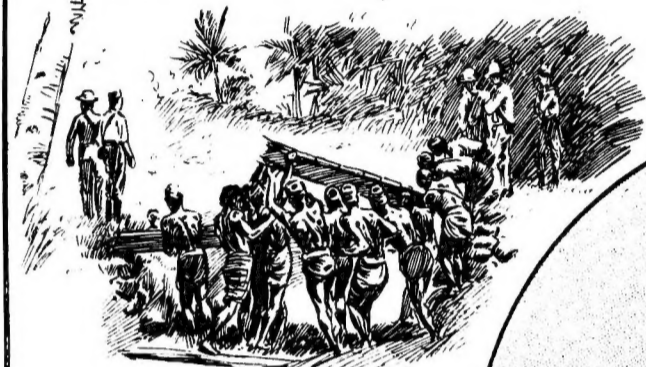
EDITING A NEWSPAPER IN SERBIA is a decidedly anxious occupation. One weekly journal has had sixteen editors in two years, fifteen of the number being now in prison for commenting too plainly upon Government policy.



AMERICANS IN A TRENCH OFF THE MAIN STREET



LIEUTENANT GAUNT INSTRUCTING FRIENDLIES IN SHOOTING



FRIENDLIES REPLACING A BRIDGE ON ONE OF THE MAIN ROADS



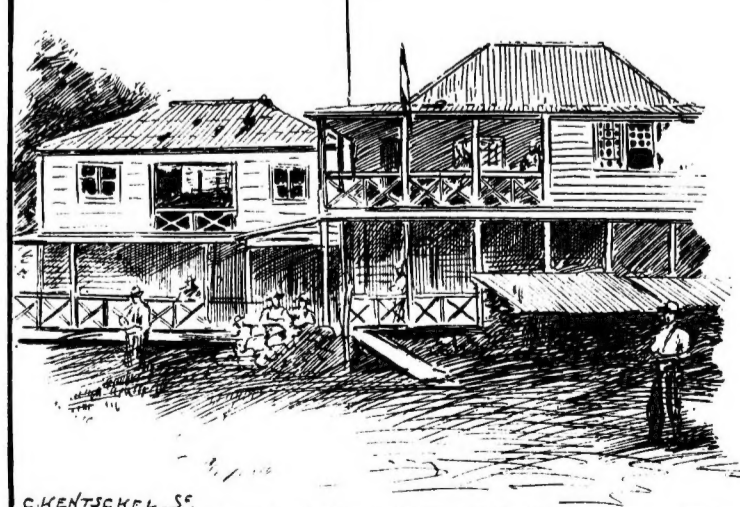
MAKING THE KING'S KAVA



LIEUT. GAUNT'S BRIGADE ON THE ROAD TO VAILIMA



THE NEW CEMETERY AT MULINUU



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S HOUSE AT VAILIMA AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT  
DRAWN BY PAUL DESTIEZ



THE WOUNDED AT THE SUPREME COURT AFTER THE SECOND BATTLE AT VAILIMA  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALCOLM R.

## AMONG THIEVES

By W. E. NORRIS. Illustrated by RALPH PEACOCK

## CHAPTER I.

READING at the obituary notices in the *Times*, the other day, of the Italian deputy Soldato had died rather suddenly. The writer of his brief biography stated that he had been for ten years a distinguished member of the assembly which was worrying the life out of poor King Humbert, and added that his public career had been one of strict honour and integrity. Whether, if he were still alive, he would remember the

sum which he has been owing considerably more than ten years. Very likely not; for he was a light-hearted creature, and I doubt whether the exigencies and enervations of the present have ever left him much leisure for indulging in recollections of the past.

For me, who am neither a politician nor anything else worth mentioning, whose leisure is abundant, the sight of a respectable Italian gentleman's life brought back to me certain memories upon which it was not altogether disagreeable to dwell during my half-hour. One has had so few adventures in the course of a prosperous life, and the one which I am about to recount was really so interesting and exciting while it lasted! And the funny thing is that Signor Soldato should have played the conspicuous part that he did in it—Soldato, the Conservative deputy, who, so far as I am aware, earned his name, since he was not a soldier, (to treat him participially) was he paid off in accordance with his deserts.

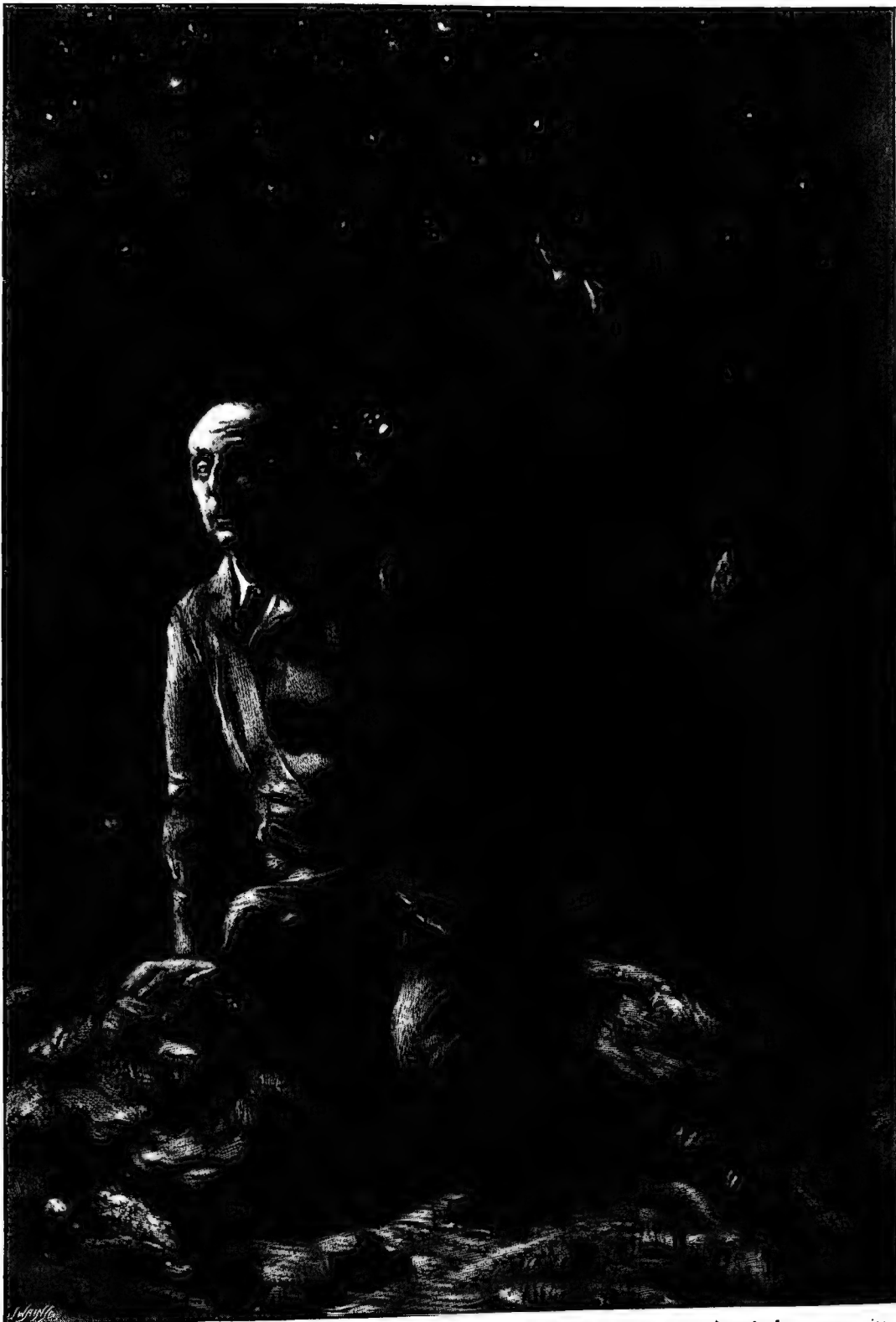
Well, I knew nothing about him at the time, but the treatment which might be his due that winter, some fifteen years back, when I hired the steam yacht *Chiquita* for a Mediterranean cruise. I detest steam yachts, and do not see what business those long, narrow craft, which can't sail, wallow hideously in a sea-way and are, at best, mere machines for the promotion of luxurious travel, have to be called yachts at all; but that is neither here nor there. At the time in question I was the temporary owner of the aforesaid vessel, and, what was more, I was the sole passenger on board of her as she lay off Palermo, the friends who had hitherto accompanied me on my voyage having departed for Egypt and left me in the lurch.

Under those somewhat depressing circumstances, I was only too glad to accept the proffered society of Professor Abbattucci, to whom I had been introduced at the house of the local doctor, and who was eager to visit the hot spots on the south side of Sicily. In those days of rampant malaria, were not very easily reachable by land. I hastened to assure him that my old tub was ready at his orders, and we went off for Marsala, over a calm sea one fine March evening. The professor was a pleasant, chatty old fellow, with a long grey beard. I know—I am not sure that I even at the time—what University had the honour of claiming him as an expert of ancient history; but he had a deal to say about the Greeks and the Carthaginians and Dionysius of Syracuse, with which my rusty recollections of school and college lore did enable me to keep step. However,

the English with fluency, and he enjoyed a good dinner and a glass of champagne—not to say two bottles, when pressed—as was anybody; so that we got on together quite nicely. Marsala was to be our first port of call, because it would be completely safe from thence to make for Segesta, where, according to the Professor, there were ruins of a most interesting character to be inspected; yet, when we arrived at our destination, the hospitable merchants of the locality, who were delighted to see us, offered us samples of their choicest vintages, made grimaces when informed of our project. It was quite upon the cards, they thought, that we might carry it through without mishap; but, on the other hand, there was a distinct possibility of our being seized and ransomed by the band of one Guercio, who had long terrorised the neighbourhood and of whose exploits they spoke with some degree of admiration. They had various thrilling anecdotes to tell me respecting this sharp-witted bandit—his latest triumph, I remember, had been the capture of a Palermo banker, which he effected by disguising himself as an officer of gendarmerie and securing his services, together with those too of his subordinates, as a resort to the unfortunate gentleman—while Her Britannic Majesty's

Vice-Consul, upon whom I called, confirmed the accuracy of their statements and associated himself with their advice.

"It is my duty to warn you, Mr. Bates," said he, "that we have precise instructions with regard to any future predicament in which English travellers may be landed through their own foolhardiness. In other words, if you choose to be taken prisoner by brigands, you will have to pay what they may demand or accept the consequences: the Foreign Office will not be in any way responsible for you."



"You had better not move! That cold, hard substance which you feel behind your ear is the barrel of your own nice, new revolver, and my finger is upon the trigger!"

But Professor Abbattucci laughed these sage counsels to scorn. "*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*," he quoted; "it is not out of the carcase of a poor devil of a pedagogue that Signor Guercio will make his fortune, and I am not afraid of him. As for Mr. Bates, who is rich and has a right to be careful of his person, not for the world would I lead him into danger. Let him remain here quietly to-morrow; I venture to promise that I will rejoin him, safe and sound, before nightfall."

Now, I am not what any impartial person could call rich, nor, I trust, am I what any impartial person would call a coward. My reply was just what yours (assuming you to represent the average human being) would have been in my place, and on the following morning the train took the Professor and me to the station of Calatafimi, where we found two horses waiting for us, under the charge of a bronzed, bearded *contadino*, who had been instructed to act as our guide. We trotted for a mile or so along a very bad road, and then struck abruptly across country—a bare, hilly, arid country, with white villages perched here and there upon rocky heights, and an occasional orange-grove to right or left of us, but little other trace of inhabitants or cultivation. I do

not know where Segesta is, never having been privileged to gaze upon its doubtless striking monuments of antiquity; but I had been given to understand that it could be reached in considerably less than two hours from Calatafimi. Consequently, I began, after a time, to feel misgivings, and I was in the act of imparting these to my companion when, on a sudden, a shout rang out through the still, sultry air, and at the same moment I became aware that a gleaming gun-barrel was being pointed straight at my head over the top of an adjacent boulder.

"Told you so!" I exclaimed. "Now we are in a nice mess!"

The Professor shrugged his shoulders.

"Are you armed?" he asked.

"I have a revolver," I answered.

"Then, my dear sir, let me implore you, if you value your life, not to dream of using it."

How could I use it when there was nothing to fire at? And although I might, and no doubt should, have hit a brace or more of the dozen unkempt ruffians who instantly sprang out of the bowels of the earth to surround us, it was obvious that subsequent escape would have been a sheer impossibility. So the Professor and I were fain to surrender at discretion, to the manifest delight of our so-called guide, who grinned from ear to ear.

His confederates did not grin. They were as sullen and ill-looking a crew as ever I have beheld in my life; and from the needless violence with which they dragged me out of the saddle and bound my arms behind my back, I gathered that they had little in common with the courteous banditti of romance. No such rough usage was accorded to the Professor, who addressed a few rapid sentences to them in the Sicilian dialect, unintelligible to me, and who was neither bound nor forced to dismount. Presently my captors lifted me on to the back of my sorry steed once more—a concession which he explained that he had been able to obtain for me.

"Do not be afraid," he added; "there is nothing worse in store for you than a temporary detention in the mountains. I have told these rascals who you are and who I am; they quite understand that you are too valuable, while I am too valueless, to be maltreated."

"Then, upon my word," said I, not best pleased, "I think you might have been a little less communicative and officious! This means, I suppose, that you will get off scot-free and that I shall have to pay an extortionate price for my liberty. I congratulate you upon your presence of mind."

The Professor smiled benignly. "*A la guerre comme à la guerre!*" he rejoined. "Wealth has its advantages, and so, now and then, has indigence. For the rest, camping-out will be a pleasure in such beautiful weather, and we shall see a tract of country which is seldom or never visited by strangers."

He took the whole thing with such complacent philosophy—as well he might after having coolly given me away—that I was not disposed to respond to the descriptive comments upon our surroundings with which he favoured me during the long upward march that followed. Much I cared whether we were traversing classic ground or not; and a poor sort of

solace quotations from Theocritus were to a man whose arms were aching and throbbing under the pressure of a tight cord.

"Look here," I said at last, "it seems to me that, as this costly expedition is being carried out at my expense, I may fairly claim to be dealt with as indulgently as you are. Can't you suggest to your ruffianly friends that I want to blow my nose?"

"To be sure I can, and so I will," he good-humouredly replied; but the representations which he at once addressed to the scoundrel who appeared to be in command of our captors failed to produce the desired effect.

"You see, Mr. Bates," he explained, "you are a powerful man, whereas I am but a feeble old fellow, incapable of showing fight or attempting to escape. They say you must wait a little longer. When we reach the white building which you can see yonder on the hillside, and which, it seems, is tenanted by a widow, who will, perhaps, offer us a drink of the country wine—"

"And who is doubtless in the swim," I interrupted.

"Eh! *poverina!*—what would you have? In these parts one must take one side or the other, and it would go hard with a lonely woman who favoured the *carabinieri*. Well, as soon as we reach

her farm they will take your revolver from you and restore you the use of your hands."

## CHAPTER II.

THEY proved as good as their word. My revolver was taken from me when we came to a halt in front of the low, rambling structure, my arms were set free, and why I was allowed to retain possession of my watch and my spare cash it was not for me to inquire. As for attempting to escape, I might as well have attempted to soar into the air, like an eagle. Instead of essaying the impossible, I sat blinking in the fierce sunlight, like an owl, and hoped that the extremely pretty little woman who tripped out with bottles and glasses just as if she had been expecting us—as a matter of fact, I suppose she *had* been expecting us—would not forget me in her kindly ministrations.

She did not forget the Professor, anyhow. He had three tumblers of wine, no less, and they evidently exhilarated him. Also he conversed in an animated style with our fair entertainer, even going so far as to address her (my very limited acquaintance with the dialect enabled me to detect that much) as "*Cecchina mia*." I had already heard her called "*Signora Cecchina*" by the leader of the gang. Well, she was amiable enough to end by offering me refreshment; although at the moment when she did so, her eyes were turned away from me towards some distant object. She pointed, indeed, to a small cloud of dust upon the white road far beneath us, and uttered an exclamation which instantly caused every one of us to gaze eagerly in the direction indicated. It was only a country cart, as was at once perceived; but the very brief space of time during which Cecchina contrived to elude observation sufficed for her purpose. She pressed a small round object into my hand, whispering, in clearly intelligible Italian, "*South-south-west*," and, as I hurriedly pocketed the compass, I said to myself, "*Thank you, my dear; I'll remember.*"

The significance and value of this excellent woman's gift became more apparent to me when a thick bandage was placed over my eyes and the march was resumed. How long that march lasted I cannot say; it seemed to me to be absolutely interminable, and my repeated inquiries of the Professor as to whether he also had been blindfolded or not met with no answer. Could the unfeeling wretch have persuaded those villains to let him depart in peace, as a worthless asset? Somehow, I felt no confidence in him, and inclined to the belief that, if he could save his own skin, he would trouble himself little enough about the integrity of mine.

These apprehensions, however, turned out to be groundless. When at length I was lifted off my horse and my bandage was removed, the first object upon which my dazed eyes fell was the figure of the Professor, who was standing before me with his hands upon his hips.

"Well, Mr. Bates," said he, in slightly mocking accents, "how do you find yourself by this time?"

Vague suspicions had been floating through my brain for several hours past: these crystallised themselves into precise shape as I stared at my interlocutor, planted there in the twilight, with a background of jagged rocks and ragged rascals to emphasize the circumstance that he was his own master. Something prompted me to seize him by his long grey beard—which came off in my hand. He himself obligingly simplified matters by flinging away his wig, and so stood revealed—a handsome young scamp, with laughing black eyes and a fine double row of white teeth.

"You dirty thief!" I ejaculated.

He acknowledged the compliment by a bow and an engaging smile. "A thief I unquestionably am," he replied, "through pressure of necessity and insupportable taxation. As for dirt—*che vuole?* Water is not to be obtained so easily in Sicily as in your rainy island. Permit me, nevertheless, to assure you that nobody can appreciate honesty and cleanliness more highly than I do. Some day—possibly by your involuntary help—I may revert to a more civilised and congenial style of existence. Meanwhile, my dear sir, I can only offer you a rough hospitality. Happily, there is every prospect of settled weather, and, although the nights are fresh at this season of the year, my *canaille* will soon kindle a good fire for us."

"I presume," said I, "that I have the honour to be the guest of Signor Guercio."

He made a gesture of assent. "That is the *sobriquet* which the good people hereabouts have been pleased to bestow upon me. They might have given me a more flattering one; for the truth is that I am by nature almost culpably amiable and generous towards those who have won my sympathy. You will admit that when I tell you that I have fixed your ransom at the paltry sum of 150,000 *lire*."

A brief process of mental arithmetic put me in a position to gauge the extent of the fellow's impudence. "Six thousand pounds!" I cried. "Don't you wish you may get it? Even supposing that I were willing to pay that amount—which I am not—I haven't as much, nor anything like as much, available. You had better rifle my pockets and let me go; for I assure you that neither my relations nor the British Government will pay a penny for me."

He smiled and replied suavely that he relied only upon me, not upon hard-hearted outsiders. "A man who cannot readily sell out securities to the value of 150,000 *lire* does not hire so fine a yacht as the *Chiquita* for the winter months," he added. "That is why I expect, when I go down to Marsala to-morrow, to carry with me the requisite instructions, signed by you. I shall then be once more Professor Abbattucci; I shall explain to your Vice-Consul that the brigands have despatched me to make arrangements on your behalf, and the moment that the cash is placed in my hands I shall hasten back to camp to release you—an affair of a week or ten days, probably."

"And if I finally and absolutely refuse to sign any such outrageous instructions?" I inquired.

"Dear Mr. Bates," he answered, "you compel me to say things which it is most disagreeable to me to say; but the tariff in questions of this kind is well known and inexorable. A first refusal means the loss of one ear, persistent obstinacy deprives the prisoner of its fellow, and then—eh! then other features must follow suit. You will understand, I am sure, that I could not hope to maintain my authority over a set of desperadoes if I attempted to depart from established rules, and you will not, I trust, be so foolish as to mutilate yourself, in addition to losing your money. For the rest,

I give you until to-morrow morning to reflect. Presently we will have some supper and banish unpleasant topics for the night."

I have often had occasion to observe with what amazing facility we mortals accommodate ourselves to unavoidable circumstances. There are many things which we assert that we will not do or cannot bear; yet, when we have to do or bear them, the task turns out to be well within the compass of our capacity. I devoured an excellent supper with an equally excellent appetite; subsequently I toasted my toes at the camp fire and enjoyed the cigar kindly provided for me by my host, as well as his conversation, which was racy, witty and instinct with knowledge of the outer world. All the same, I said to myself, "If you think you are going to extort 6,000*l.* from me, my good friend, you little know Augustus Bates." In point of fact, nobody knows better than I do by what hard work and unremitting attention to business such a sum is laid by, and I was prepared to defend my lawful earnings even at the risk of my ears.

Naturally I had not forgotten Cecchina's compass, nor did I despair of giving my warders the slip; but I need hardly say that that did not promise to be quite the simplest of jobs. As far as I could make out, the brigands' camp was situated in a species of natural stronghold, surrounded by beetling crags, which would have to be scaled either for purposes of ingress or egress, and even if I succeeded in evading the vigilance of the sentinels who were posted round about us when we lay down to rest, it seemed only too likely that my person (which is a somewhat bulky one) would end by standing out conspicuously against the starry sky.

However, the attempt had to be made; and shortly after one o'clock in the morning it was made, in a style which I flatter myself would have done no discredit to a Red Indian. Not without some feeling of contempt for that lazy, slovenly gang did I wriggle upon my stomach past their snoring outposts, whom they had not even taken the trouble to relieve, and although, in the course of my subsequent tedious, arduous scramble, I could not help dislodging an occasional pebble or fragment of earth, not a man of them stirred in response to those tell-tale sounds. What fools they were, I thought, not to keep dogs! But it was not for me to grumble at their stupidity; and when at length I dropped deftly over the hill-crest which dominated their lair my heart was full of good-will towards them and gratitude to the admirable Cecchina. I drew her compass out of my pocket and proceeded to take bearings. From the eminence upon which I was seated a vast extent of broken, hilly country was discernible under the stars; I could even make out the sea and what I took to be Marsala, indicated by a few twinkling lights in the far distance. But the intervening villages through which we had passed I was unable to discover, nor were my eyes good enough to penetrate the dark hollows and folds of the hills, in one of which was doubtless situated the farm of my friend in need.

"Never mind!" said I, aloud; "I shall follow my nose and the compass, and if I get out of this safely, my good Cecchina, you shall hear of something to your advantage, on application to the firm of Bates and Co., Lothbury, E.C. Signor Guercio and Professor Abbattucci, I have the honour to wish you good-night and pleasant dreams!"

"A thousand thanks!" answered an ironical voice close behind me; "but, dear Mr. Bates, if you wish me to sleep comfortably, you really should not compel me to waste an hour of my night's rest in following you. How could you think so poorly of my intelligence as to imagine that I would run any risk of parting with you? Oh, you had better not move! That cold, hard substance which you feel behind your ear is the barrel of your own nice new revolver, and my finger is upon the trigger."

"Take the thing away, you idiot!" I exclaimed, hastily (for I felt by no means sure that he was accustomed to the handling of such delicate weapons). "I surrender, of course; what the deuce else can I do? Only I must say that I think you might have spared me and yourself all this unnecessary fatigue, which has been worse than deer-stalking. Why didn't you?"

"Excusable curiosity," he calmly replied. "I suspected—and what you have just been obliging enough to say confirms my suspicions—that Cecchina did not cause me to look the other way while she was handing you your wine for nothing. Ah, well! I forgive her. The more willingly because she has failed, and because, if she had succeeded, her misplaced generosity would have cost her a little fortune. You have no idea, Mr. Bates, of how much may be accomplished with a capital of 6,000*l.* in this poverty-stricken land."

Looking back upon it all dispassionately and at this distance of time, I am bound to admit that Cesare Soldato was an amiable, attractive sort of scamp, exhibiting at every turn that mixture of frank knavery and simplicity which is to be met with nowhere, save in the country of his birth. It may seem rather queer, considering what our actual relations were, that we should have sat down, side by side, upon the rocks, and that he should have selected that opportunity for favouring me with a candid autobiographical narrative; but he said it would perhaps interest me—and I confess that it did.

He was by birth and education a respectable sort of person, it appeared; but, like many other respectable persons, he had always been unable to do justice to himself and his legitimate ambitions through lack of sufficient capital. Foreign travel, infinite ingenuity and a highly receptive mind had failed, one and all, to furnish him with this indispensable possession, and if he had now taken to brigandage, it was not so much for the fun of the thing (though he admitted that he enjoyed that) as by reason of the splendid successes which may be expected to fall, sooner or later, to the brigand who knows how to wait for them. Such a success, he intimated, that he now grasped in my humble person. Six thousand pounds, he remarked, might not sound much to a British capitalist; but, for his part, he was not greedy; he could make it do.

"You mean, perhaps," said I, "that that sum is the minimum which the pretty widow of the farm will accept."

He nodded assent, and was so polite as to add that I was a clever fellow.

"I cannot accept the compliment," I answered; "it seems to me that if I had been a clever fellow, Professor Abbattucci would have found it less easy to make a fool of me. Nevertheless, I have eyes in my head—which I sometimes utilise for the purpose of observing other people's eyes and the emotions which they express. I saw you gazing at the fair Cecchina; likewise I saw her gazing at you. But I frankly own that I am not quite clever enough to guess why she

gave me that compass. Is she, or is she not, your confederate? Of course, you need not answer unless you like; I merely ask in the same motive to which you pleaded guilty just now—curiosity."

He laughed and made me welcome to full information on the subject. Cecchina, he assured me, must have been honest, to do me a good turn. Being an angel, she was not, and could not be, the ally of thieves; still less would she ever consent to her word for that—to espouse a leader of thieves. But she and he had some reason for hoping and believing that she should consent to marry a repentant ex-bandit, with six thousand *l.* in his pocket, who adored her and whom she had admitted did not personally detest. Oh! not, of course in Sicily; that would be rather too risky a proceeding. But there was a company of excellent service of steamers from Messina and other ports; the mainland people who asked nothing better than to lead a reputable life would be in a position to gratify their desire, farm—which, owing to the disturbed state of the country, was worth much anyhow—could be disposed of from afar quite as from the neighbourhood.

All this, at a great deal more, he imparted to me with a like candour which disarmed incredulity. By the time that I made an end of speaking I could not doubt that he was passionately in love with the charming widow, nor did I doubt his statement that, while she refused to have anything to do with an outlaw, she might prove willing to make a fresh start in the company of one who had a snug little fortune lying in bankers'. What struck me as being somewhat quaint (it did not appear to strike him in that light at all), was that I, a total stranger and a trusted confidant—should be called upon to provide the little fortune in question, under penalty of corporal mutilation. He was quite serious and earnest about part of the business; he said that, much as he should regret it, would certainly have to lop off my ears and nose in the event of my recalcitrancy; he pointed out to me that he was in the midst of a gang of desperadoes, and that it would be as much as my skin was worth to shock their prejudices by a display of leniency. So the long and the short of it was that I gave up. I do not see, nor did I see at the time, what else there was to do. The man's good humour was more convincing than any ferocity, and although certain points in his lucid summation of the position seemed to need explaining—where, for example, did the desperadoes and their share of the anticipated spoil come from?—I was not such a fool as to put indiscreet queries. He was capable, I felt sure, of doubling his demand, and, had he done so, my poor pocket must needs have come to the rescue of my features.

(To be concluded)

## The Millennium of King Alfred

THE 1,000th anniversary of the death of King Alfred the Great will be celebrated in 1901, and the Commemoration Committee



MODEL OF THE STATUE OF KING ALFRED

have decided that the City of Winchester should occupy a prominent position in the commemoration, and that a national memorial be erected in that city, which was the Royal residence and place of the King. The memorial decided on by the Committee is to consist of a statue, together with a hall to be a museum of early English history. The execution of the statue has been entrusted to Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., and the accompanying illustration is from a photograph of the model which has been approved of by the committee. It is estimated that 30,000*l.* will be required for the memorial, and a considerable sum is still needed. Subscriptions may be sent to the Lord Mayor of London or Sir John Lubbock, care of Messrs. Roberts, Innes and Co., 15, Lombard Street, London, or to Mr. Alfred E. B. the hon. secretary, Guildhall, Winchester.

## The Peace Conference

With this week a further instalment of portraits of the Peace Conference at The Hague. These portraits represent the various delegations—senior and junior representatives, and legal, military and naval experts.

In this category—that of senior diplomatic representatives—appear Mr. Andrew D. White, the American representative at the Berlin Court, is the chief delegate of the United States. Count Rudolph Welser Von Welsersheimb is the Austrian delegation. He is a Foreign Office Under-Secretary and was formerly Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg. The senior Portuguese representative is the Count de Saldanha, Minister at Madrid. The chief representative of the Ottoman Empire is Turkey is Mr. Nispet Pasha. He is an experienced diplomat, has been Ambassador in Madrid and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Ottoman Empire. Kiamil Pasha is the representative of Crete. Denmark sends only one diplomatic representative in the person of Mr. Bille, Minister in London. Sweden and Norway, Serbia, Persia and China, also send only one diplomatic delegate each. The Swedish representative is Baron de Bildt, Minister in Rome; that of Serbia is M. Miletich, Minister in London; that of Persia is General Mirza-Riza Khan, a soldier and former Minister of the Shah at St. Petersburg, and that of China is Yangsu, the genial and hospitable representative of the Middle Kingdom in the Russian capital.

The junior diplomatic delegates, whose portraits we publish, are Count A. Okolicsany, Austrian Minister at The Hague, and formerly Minister at Stuttgart and Dresden; Señor Ramirez de Villa Ure, Spanish Minister at Brussels, and Señor A. de Baguer, Spanish Minister at the Hague; and Nouri Bey, Turkish Secretary of State. Nouri is the son of a Frenchman converted to Islam, and through a Turkish mother, he was born in Constantinople and educated there.

The three legal experts, whose portraits we publish are all men of the highest distinction in their profession. Professor Martens is a Doctor of State, and of the Russian Empire, author of

various works on international law, and a frequent arbitrator in international disputes. Professor T. M. C. Asser was formerly Professor of Law at the University of Amsterdam. He is President of the Institute of International Law, and has been honoured by all leading Universities in Europe. M. Louis Renault is Professor of International Law in the Paris Faculty of Law.

The military and naval experts, whose portraits we record to-day, are those of France and Italy. Of General Mounier, the Frenchman, it is known beyond that he is a General of Brigade. Vice-Admiral Pephau, who represents the interests of the French Navy, is an old Gambettist. The Italian military and naval experts are General Luigi Zuccari, Commander of the Basilicata Brigade in Calabria, and formerly Military Attaché in Vienna, and Captain Augusto Bianco di S. Sicondo, who has lately been appointed Naval Attaché in London.

The Peace Conference has got to work industriously during the last week. Committees and sub-committees have been formed to study the various questions on the programme, and already it is possible to forecast with some confidence, if not with absolute accuracy, the result of their labours. On the subject of Disarmament nothing seems likely to be done. In regard to the regulation of war the prospects are doubtful, but in the matter of mediation and arbitration everybody is sanguine. The Committee dealing with the latter question has three detailed schemes before it, and it seems almost certain that some sort of permanent Tribunal of Arbitration with a strictly limited jurisdiction will issue from its labours. The work of the Conference has not been unrelieved by festivity. The Hague is treating its visitors with generous and delicate hospitality. Queen Wilhelmina paid a special visit to the city in order to receive the delegates, all of whom were presented to her.

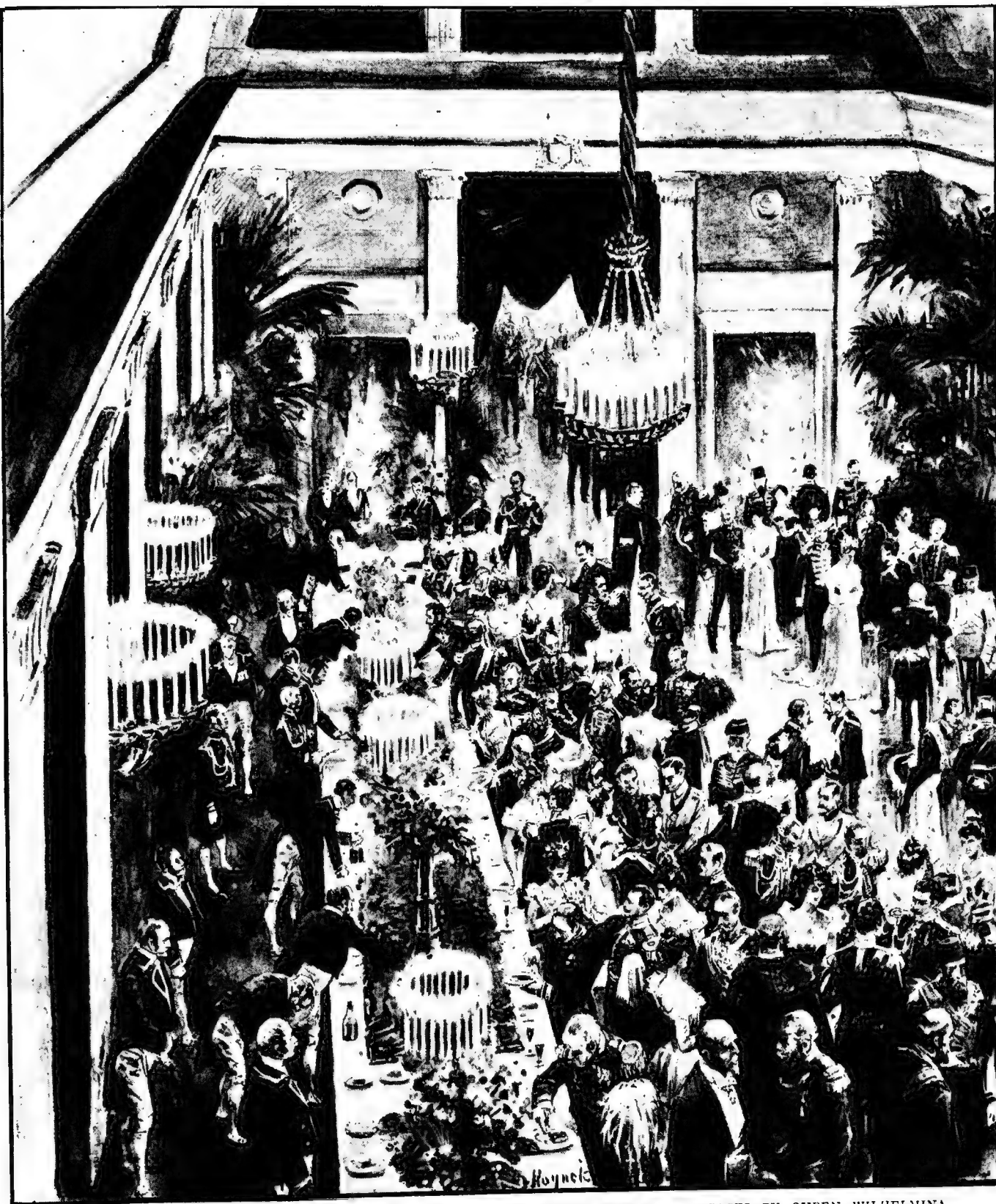
show how, in a moment of emergency, they can stand shoulder to shoulder. It is a stirring scene of Dervish warfare, in which the Australians come to the rescue of the Carabineers at a time when the honour of England requires them. The Historical Pageant shows us the evolution of the British Army as marked by the four periods of the "Wars of the Roses," with its armour-clad men-at-arms and its sturdy archers; the civil wars of King and Parliament with Royalist and Roundhead, among whom are the gay cavalry of Prince Rupert and the grim black armoured "Iron sides" of Cromwell; the period of Lucknow, 1857-8, and finally the period of Khartoum. In the Lucknow section of the Pageant one of the actual guns used by Peel's Naval Brigade in the historic campaign is brought upon the scene, and in the Khartoum section march some of the men of the 21st Lancers who were in the famous charge. The driving practice of the Royal Artillery, the wrestling on horseback (always one of the most popular of the events), the tent-pegging, and the gallop in pairs around the arena, when the jumps are to be negotiated

—hurdles, timber, a "double," a stone wall, and a "water jump"—all these and many others serve to amuse and delight the immense crowds which daily wend their way to Islington, and come back pleased and delighted with this year's tournament.

## The Fighting in Samoa

THE illustrations which we publish this week show the scenes of the recent fighting. In one Lieutenant Gaunt is instructing his men in shooting with the Morris tube at Mulinuu. Lieutenant Gaunt, R.N., of H.M.S. *Porpoise*, it will be remembered, has greatly distinguished himself in the campaign. While the *Tauranga* was shelling the rebels' position, a brigade under him captured the German flag which was flying on one of the forts, and Captain Stuart, R.N., of the *Tauranga*, on the return of the brigade, signalled "Well done, Gaunt's brigade!" In another illustration the brigade is seen on the march near Vailima. The illustration of the ambush shows the German plantation at Vailile, where a force of 214 British and Americans and 150 friendlies was surprised by the rebels, and also the road down which the little force marched just before the attack. The natives bolted, but the Marines and blue-jackets stood their ground splendidly, Americans and British firing shoulder to shoulder. The retreat was sounded three times before the party retired. Lieutenant Freeman, first lieutenant of the *Tauranga*, who was in command of the force, was shot through the heart, and Lieutenant Lonsdale, of the *Philadelphia*, had

his leg shattered while endeavouring to fix a gun. Ensign Monaghan, also of the *Philadelphia*, perished in a gallant attempt to save his brother officer. They were buried in the cemetery at Mulinuu. Lieutenant Gaunt's brigade saw more fighting at the end of last month, when the rebel stronghold at Vailima was captured after it had been shelled. The name of Vailima will be familiar, as it was there that Robert Louis Stevenson lived. The house he occupied was riddled during the engagement, which practically lasted two days. Our wounded were taken to the Court House at Apia. One of the photographs shows some attendants rolling bandages for the wounded. At public functions in Samoa the native drink, called kava, is handed round in a large bowl. When the young King Malietoa was crowned, the other day, kava-drinking was an important feature in the ceremony. The preparation of the King's kava, is, as will be seen in the picture, a somewhat serious matter.

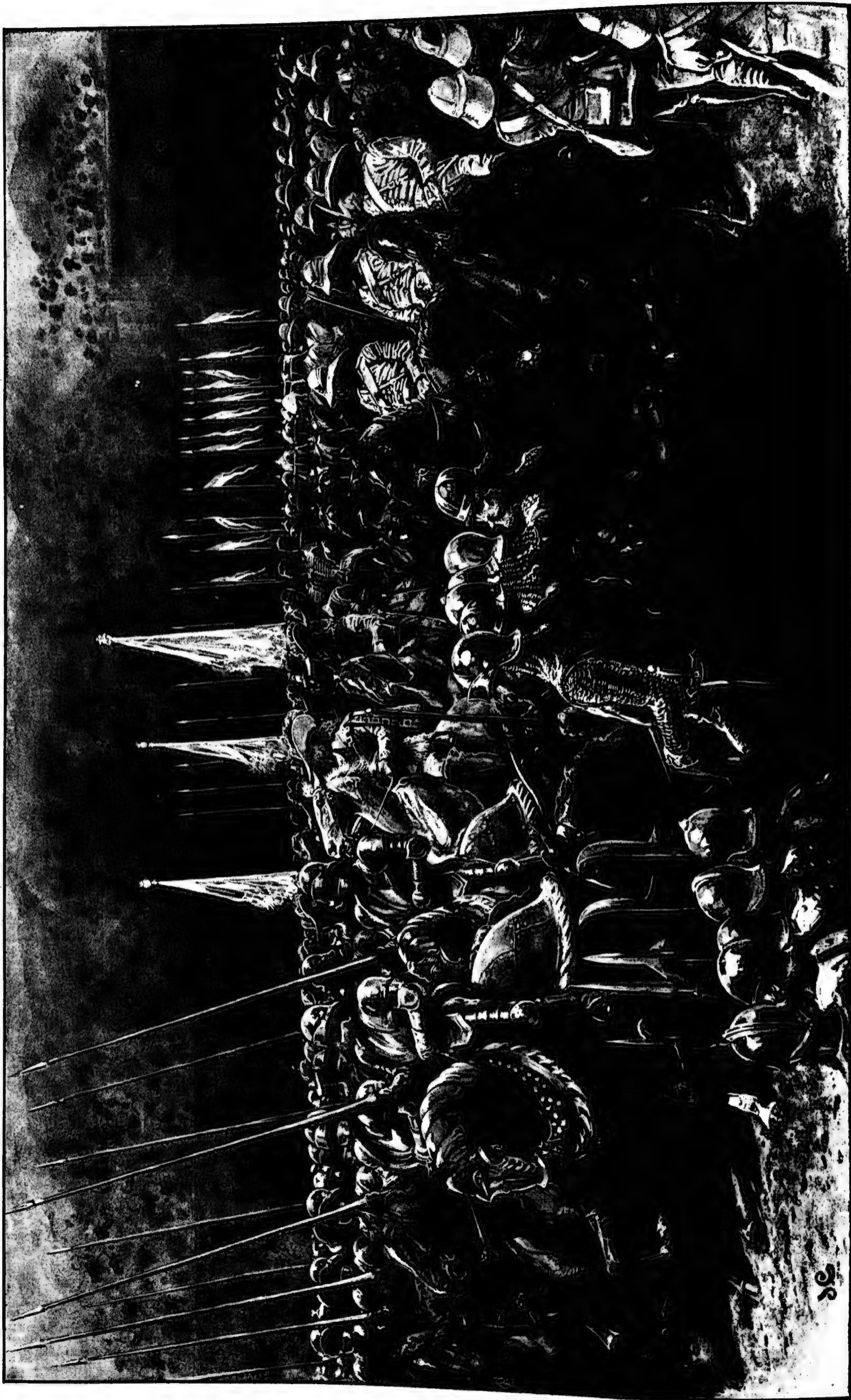


THE SCENE IN THE REFRESHMENT ROOM AFTER THE RECEPTION OF THE DELEGATES BY QUEEN WILHELMINA  
THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. HOYNCK

## The Royal Military Tournament

THE twentieth Royal Military Tournament is in no way inferior to those that have preceded it. Day after day, and twice every day, the vast spaces of the Agricultural Hall are filled with eager and enthusiastic crowds, whose applause is continuous as the attractive programme unfolds itself before them—riding, driving, jumping, such as can only be seen in England, processions, pageants, battle scenes, and "moving accidents by flood and field" done with a realistic "go," only to be attained by men who understand the real business of war. One of the best of the war pictures is the Cavalry display, as it is called, by the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers) and New South Wales Lancers—a happily invented and admirably arranged bit of mimic warfare wherein the Soldiers of the Queen, whether they are recruited in the Old Country or at the Antipodes,



THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT: THE GRAND HISTORICAL PAGEANT, "WARRIORS OF BRITAIN"

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

The chiefs of the Conference delegations were received at the Royal Palace at The Hague last week and presented to Queen Wilhelmina by M. de Beaufort, Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Queen and her mother each held a Court of her own, and the delegates were presented in alphabetical order to both Queens. A quarter of an hour before the reception M. de Staat banded the Queen the Russian Order of Saint Catherine in diamonds.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. HOYNCK

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE: THE RECEPTION OF DELEGATES BY QUEEN WILHELMINA

## "Place aux Jumes"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

WE in England have still much to learn in the matter of our treatment of animals. This season, the time of holiday jaunts, of merry race-meetings, of picnics, and open-air drives, and all kinds of pleasant junkets, is also the time of penance for poor, over-laden, over-driven animals. The sights to be seen at the Derby, at Ascot, at Goodwood, are all painful to the tender heart. A number of men huddled in a vehicle, singing, laughing, carousing, and energetically flogging the poor, tired animal who draws them, sometimes even only a little wretched pony, must detract from the pleasure of any ordinary charitably inclined person. The hill at Goodwood used to be a piteous sight; now, I believe, the cruelty practised there is to a great extent rectified, but the Duke of Portland protests against the heavily laden brakes of excursionists who visit his park, and at all holiday resorts the spectacle is a frequent one. Nothing but the constant personal efforts of the police or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will stop the folly and ignorance of brutal people, who look upon a holiday as a legitimate opportunity for the torture of animals.

Among the various plans for old-age pensions and the treatment of the aged and deserving poor I have not seen one mentioned which commended itself to our charitable, if less politically consistent, forefathers. I mean the almshouse, where the aged poor passed the remainder of their days, comfortably united, tending their gardens, keeping their bees, peaceful and contented. Why should not to every workhouse be attached these pretty picturesque almshouses of our ancestors, in no wise associated with shame and disgrace, but merely the humble, happy resting-places of those who have toiled all their lives, without irritating rules, restrictions, or compulsory garments of disgrace, in fact, simply homes for the aged? Private benevolence, as in old times, might do much for these almshouses, as well as the State, and the stigma of poverty and shame, so deplorably present in a workhouse, be thus removed. The natural repulsion of the poor for the workhouse, which causes the deserving to starve sooner than enter its hated portals, comes from the fact that all are herded indiscriminately together within—the industrious and unfortunate, the old and the ne'er-do-weel, the worthless and the honourably worn out. With almshouses the case is different, for to them no shame is attached.

I am glad to see that flowers as an adornment for the hair are replacing the pert aigrette and osprey which has reigned for so long. A wreath of roses is certainly the appropriate decoration for youth. It was so in the old Roman days, it was so at the beginning of Her Majesty's reign, who is represented in one of her pictures with a large wreath of white roses; it was so in poetry, as everyone knows by the lines "She wore a wreath of roses." If some choose to adopt other flowers there is a wealth of beauty for them to choose from. Some may put "vine leaves in their hair," others laurel. A pretty idea would be to choose one's own badge, as is done at the Caledonian Ball, where every lady dancing in the Scotch quadrille wears the badge and the tartan of her clan. The laurel, the ivy, the holly, the bog myrtle all figured in the poetical furnishing of the Highlander. Why not in London society? Let a lady choose her favourite flower and wear it in her hair, either twisted into a garland or wound in her tresses, or tucked behind the ear, in the manner of long ago. Variety is charming, and flowers alone or combined with tulle and chiffon form the prettiest ornament for youthful faces.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal produced a new play at Brighton last week by the authors of *The Elder Miss Blossom*. Admirably played, and affording at least one fine scene for the two gifted artists, it is not so interesting and sympathetic as the story of the dignified and affectionate Miss Blossom. The problem raised in it, too, is, to my mind, open to discussion. Is maternal love so strong in a woman who has never seen her child since its birth as to make her almost brutally ungrateful to the lover who had cherished and brought it up? Would the struggle between generosity and maternal love have been so intense, and is not the whole situation overstrained and unnatural? What creatures we are of habit we perhaps scarcely realise, nor that our affections are chiefly composed of the ties of propinquity and custom. Who in reality loves a father or a mother he has never seen except from the sentimental point of view? Should we not turn from the unknown child to the loving person who has borne with us the burden and heat of the day? Such ideas are conventional theories; they are neither founded on fact nor are they true to life.

The portals of exhibitions are open everywhere just now. With amiable pertinacity they beckon us in. Exhibitions of pictures, of bric-à-brac, of statuary, of books, of freaks and mountebanks even. The price is small, to enter is easy, yet how many people are the better for all they go to see, gazing with open-mouthed curiosity, ignorant and unrefreshed. The intelligent spectator is few and far between. For the majority only a confused memory of colour, sights, and sounds remains, undigested, unclassified, and blurred. Instead of conscientiously walking through exhibitions with tired eyes and aching feet, trying to see everything and remembering nothing, let me counsel the country cousin, bent on improvement and information, to single out one or two pictures or objects, and devote his whole attention to them. He will be amply repaid. Just as the one-book man finds ever new and wonderful meanings in the already familiar and well-thumbed pages of his favourite author, so the sightseer who sees little sees well and pleasantly.

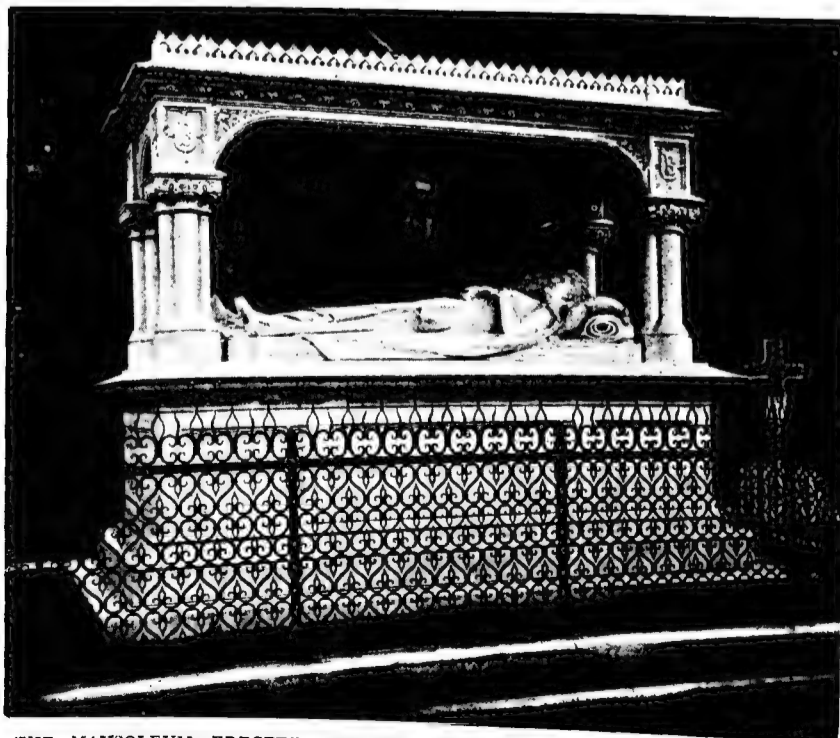
## The Late Lord Esher

ONE of the most remarkable legal and judicial careers of our time has been brought to an end by the death of Lord Esher, who died suddenly last week. He served on the Bench for nearly thirty years—a length of service only exceeded three times in the history of the Bench. The Right Hon. William Baliol Brett, Viscount Esher, was the eldest son of the late Rev. Joseph George Brett, of Ranelagh, Chelsea, and was born in 1817. He was educated at Westminster School and Caius College, Cambridge. At the University he was famous as an athlete, and rowed three times in the Cambridge boat. He graduated B.A. in 1840, taking his M.A. in 1845. The following year he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. He went the Northern Circuit and soon



THE LATE VISCOUNT ESHER

acquired an extensive practice in commercial cases. In 1860 he took silk, and the same year was made a Bencher of his Inn. In February, 1868, he was appointed Solicitor-General and was knighted. He retired from the Solicitor-Generalship to become a justice of Court of Common Pleas, and by the operation of the Judicature Act became a judge of the High Court of Justice in 1875. In October, 1876, he was made a judge of the Intermediate Court of Appeal, and was sworn of the Privy Council. The manner in which he discharged his duties in the Court of Appeal marked him out as the successor to Sir George Jessel as Master of the Rolls when the latter died in 1883. In 1886 Sir William Brett was raised to the Peerage in recognition of his long and meritorious services under the title of Baron Esher. When he retired in 1897 he was raised to a Viscounty. Viscount Esher married in 1850 Eugenie, daughter of the late Mr. Louis Mayer, and is succeeded in the title by his son the Hon. Reginald Baliol Brett, who was born in 1852. The funeral took place at Esher, on Monday, when Lord Esher was buried in the family mausoleum. The monument, of which we give an illustration, was prepared by the late Peer himself many years before his death. It consists of a canopy, supported by clustered columns, under which are sculptured effigies of himself and his wife. Our illustration is from a photograph by F. W. J. Fricker, Esher. Our portrait is by Window and Grove, Baker Street.



THE MAUSOLEUM ERECTED IN ESHER CHURCHYARD BY THE LATE LORD ESHER FOR HIMSELF AND LADY ESHER

## "Tod" Sloan

DURING the last quarter of a century many "ford" jockeys have appeared on English racecourses. The United States, South America and the Cape have all sent horsemen to try their luck amongst English artists of the pigskin, and at Ascot, Epsom, and Newmarket several of the best French horsemen have been occasionally seen. No one of the lot, however, created a great impression until James Todhunter Sloan arrived in this country towards the end of 1897. Sloan had gradually worked his way to the top of the tree in America, and his fame as a horseman preceded him to this country, so that his advent was eagerly looked for, and his riding at once became the object of much interest. Nor can it be truthfully said that all the critics were favourable at first. The unaccustomed seat and style of riding were so different to the English method that racing men generally derided them, and it was only when Sloan began to win that they turned upon the turf community at large that it was possible to believe success in race riding, and at the same time to see that it was a fashion which is diametrically opposite to the orthodox style. During the autumn of 1897 Sloan was riding in England for about the last eight weeks of the season, and in that period he had fifty-three mounts, twenty of which were winning, and the best average of any jockey of the year. Last year he had made engagements in America which kept him in that country until the English season was far advanced, but he re-appeared at the Manchester September Meeting, and between that date and the end of the season he had ninety-eight mounts, and won forty-three races—his average again being the best of the year. This year he began riding at Lincoln, and has ridden at the more important meetings, which have since been held.

### HOW SLOAN RIDES

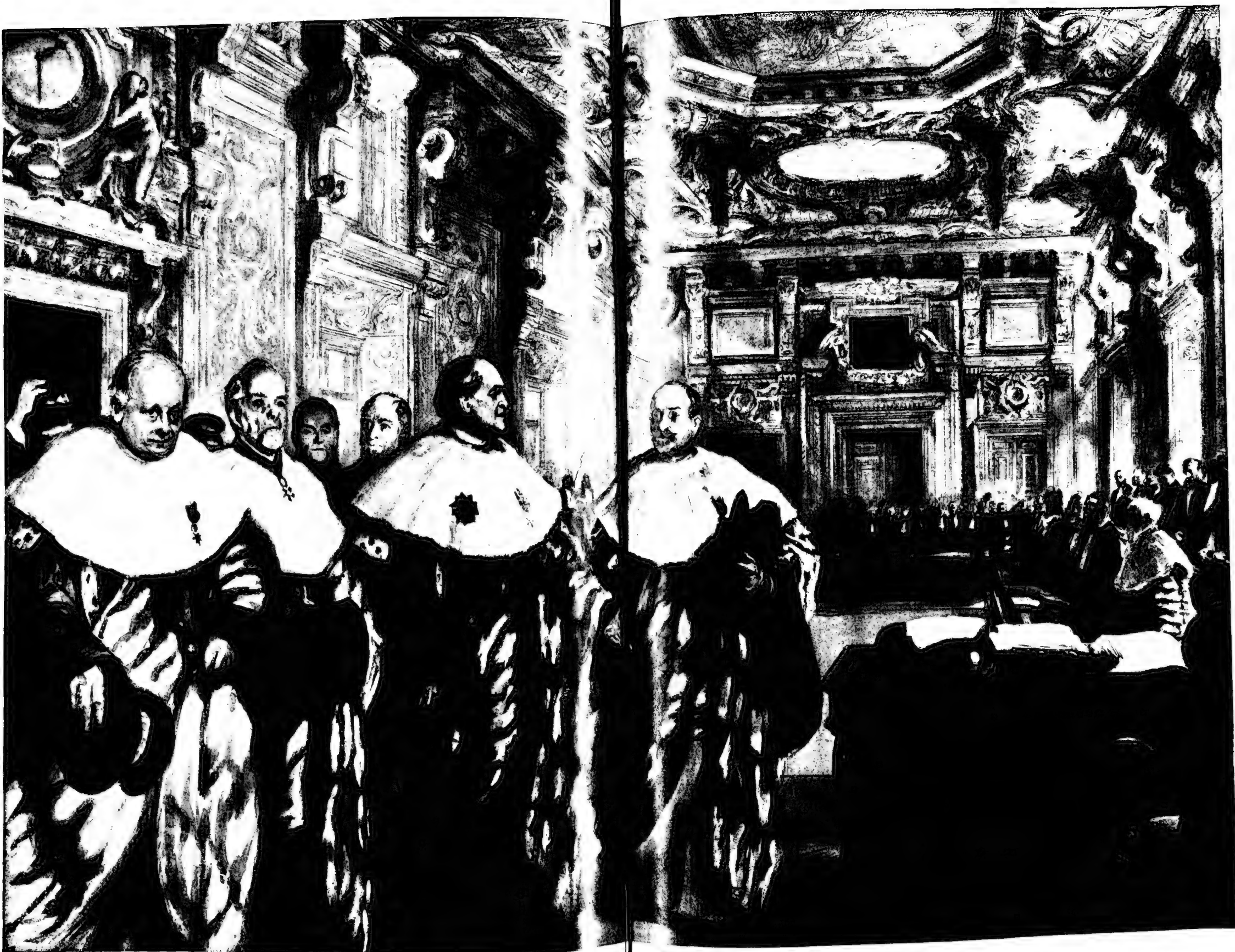
Sloan's appearance when riding a race is not attractive to English eyes. The horses he rides are saddled over the withers—his saddle being placed nearly six inches further forward than is the custom in this country. Then, too, the American jockey rides with a very short stirrup, so that when mounted he is really astride the lower part of his horse's neck. When the race begins he lies in a crouching position right along his horse's neck, with his hands stretched forwards on either side, each holding a rein, not more than a foot from the bit. If his horse can win without the whip being resorted to Sloan retains this position right up to the winning post, and as long as he can "get his horse out" by the aid of his hands and his heels he is quite at home, though his position must always be an ugly one. When the whip is required the little American is not seen to so much advantage, his peculiar seat preventing him from using the whalebone as it should be used to rouse a sluggish horse. He has, of course, to grasp the reins with one hand when he uses the whip, and thus in a degree he loses his touch of his horse's mouth. Neither can he flog so well on his forward seat as the English jockey who sits behind the withers in the hollow of the back. As a natural consequence of his style of riding Sloan seldom uses the whip, and in nine out of ten of his winning rides he keeps one hand on either rein until the winning post is passed. That Sloan rides with wonderful judgment has been proved by his many successes. He has extraordinary knowledge of pace and fine hands. Horses of every variety of temperament give their best running when ridden by him. Rogues and "welshers" appear to go kindly in his hands, no matter how ungenerously they may have performed when ridden by other jockeys. Notable instances of last season may be quoted in Sea Fog, Galashiels, and St. Ia, the first named of which had been beaten in thirteen races before Sloan took them in hand.

### WHY HE IS A FAVOURITE

Another feature of Sloan's riding is his quickness at the start and his habit of making running. When riding sprint races he almost invariably comes right through if his mount is good enough, and in longer races he as often makes running as not, and under any circumstances never waits far behind. The upshot is that he is seldom shut in at a critical point, and is less liable to be knocked about than a jockey who in fine races out of ten waits for an opening, and if he finds one tries to win by a head on the post. That Sloan should have become a tremendous favourite with the British public is not to be wondered at, but there are two reasons for this adulation, and we think it best that they should be stated outright. The first is the natural desire on the part of any English crowd to applaud anyone who excels in any physical feat, and the other is that the racing public recognise the fact that Sloan is going to win whenever he rides. They know that jockeys who accept retainers for any particular stable must ride all and sundry of the horses which run from that stable, that they must take the mount when the horse's chance is good, and also that they must ride when the horse's chance is nil. About the only way they know that he will not ride what is called a "fat" horse, that whatever he is he is fancied, and that the little American is prepared to do his mount justice. Where Sloan is an enormous pull over the pick of the English jockeys is that with a man's discretion and judgment he can ride at a boy's weight. Within the last few weeks he has ridden at 7 st. 2 lb., and this is five pounds less than T. Loates can ride at, more than a stone less than M. Cannon can get up to, and nearly two stone less than John Watts now carries. In knowledge of pace, and judgment as to when a race should be ridden, Sloan is the equal of any we have just named, but in a close finish, with horses of equal chances, he is not, we think, equalled by as Watts or Cannon, the brothers S. and T. Loates, or Otto Madden. Still the American has done much good to the English turf. He has exposed the rottenness of the waiting system, and has created a healthy spirit of emulation which is all for the best. He has, moreover, made himself personally popular, and has quite overcome the prejudice which was at first strongly entertained about his method of riding.



TOD SLOAN, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN JOCKEY  
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY JOHN CHARLTON



M. BALLOT BEAUPRÉ  
(Reporter of the Case)

M. LOEW  
(President of the Criminal Chamber)

M. SIAZEAU  
(First President)

M. FANON  
(President of the Chamber of Petitions)

THE FINAL STAGE OF THE DREYFUS CASE: THE COUR DE CASSATION ASSEMBLING TO HEAR M. BALLOT BEAUPRÉ'S REPORT  
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD

# THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—III.

## THE STAGE AND THE DRAMA

By W. MOY THOMAS



EDMUND KEAN  
After Wageman 1816

THE early days of the century were days of theatrical monopoly under which, though our stage could boast of some performers of undoubted genius, the drama languished while the art of acting suffered no less from the absence of a wholesome rivalry. Practically, the two patent houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, were secured by the charters granted by King Charles II. to Killigrew and Davenant, their heirs and assigns, in the enjoyment of the exclusive right to give dramatic entertainments in London; for though "the little theatre in the Haymarket," as it was called, had contrived to encroach upon the domain of the pampered patentees under a licence from the Lord Chamberlain's office, renewed from year to year, it was not merely limited as regards the class of pieces which it was permitted to produce, but was strictly enjoined to keep its doors closed from October 15 to June 15—that is, for the best part of the theatrical year—during which period, in the words of the official licence, the theatre was "not to be opened for any species of entertainment whatever," unless it were on some particular occasion to be taken into consideration by the Lord Chamberlain. It is hardly surprising that this suppression of competition had, after nearly a century and a half, brought the drama in England to a low ebb. Sheridan, immersed in politics and conviviality, had ceased to write, and Cumberland's powers had fallen into decay. O'Keeffe, Morton and the younger Colman produced one or two comedies which have been occasionally revived in recent years; but the theatres of a century ago were mainly supplied by Matthew Gregory Lewis with his melodramatic horrors, translators of Kotzebue's lachrymose and exaggerated

German "sensitivity," and Dibdin, Reynolds, Cherry and some few more purveyors of silly farces and simpering sentimental comedies. Shakespeare still held his ground, it is true, in a sadly maimed and mutilated condition, but the genius of John Philip Kemble and his illustrious sister, Mrs. Siddons, sufficed to make these "acting copies," as they were called, acceptable. Both these famous performers were then in the height of their renown. The stately and imposing but still natural style and manner of Mrs. Siddons held a powerful sway over the imagination of the play-going world in those days, and Kemble's "majestic port" and command of pathos—albeit his love-making was acknowledged to lack fervour and romance—left him without an equal among the tragedians of the time. His pre-eminence, however, was soon to be disputed by his great rival, George Frederick Cooke, who made his appearance on October 31, 1801, at Covent Garden as Richard III. Much as Cooke was admired, however, in many parts of first importance, he never really took rank as a great tragedian, and in John Kemble's peculiar field there was little to be feared from his rivalry. As Leslie, the Royal Academician, said, a comparison could hardly be drawn between them. "Kemble" (as he put it) "could not play Sir Pertinax McSycophant like Cooke, nor could Cooke play Pierre or Coriolanus like Kemble."

If the great success of Cooke's Richard III. appears inconsistent with this appreciation it should be remembered that it seems to have been due in no small degree to Cooke's peculiar gift for portraying craft and hypocrisy. Not the less is it true that Kemble had now—in one great part at least—a formidable competitor, and that in a department in which he had for some years ruled supreme. The rise of Young, who made his first appearance as



MRS. SIDDONS  
From the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

rivalry of the great Edmund Kean, who made his first London appearance at Drury Lane on January 26, 1814. Macready had also appeared about the same horizon, having made his appearance two years later at Covent Garden as Orestes. The brilliant career of Edmund Kean—or at least its most brilliant period—is recorded in Hazlitt's discriminative but on the whole enthusiastic studies of the great actor who burst upon the play-going world of that time with such startling effect. Kean died in 1833, but his special powers had been falling to decay some years before that time. The period of Kean's decline is, perhaps, the most depressing in the history of the stage since the Restoration. Some few names shine forth in the darkness. Brightest of all is that of Miss O'Neill, an actress, if contemporary testimony can be trusted, of infinite charm and of great command of simple paths. As the old favourites dropped away their places were only partially filled by new ones. Real water and equestrian dramas had failed to restore the old fortunes of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Charles Kemble's management of the latter house had proved disastrous in spite of the co-operation of his distinguished daughter, Fanny Kemble, and the managements of Mr. Alexander Lee and Captain Polhill, not to speak of their successor, "Poet" Bunn, brought up on Drury Lane only ridicule and contempt. Their monopoly still existed, but for very shame they refrained, as they had from prosecuting the minor houses, as they were called—such as the Coburg, the Surrey, the Pavilion, and other playhouses in the suburbs, where, under the licences granted by the magistrates, regular performances



JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE  
From the Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, R.A.

Hamlet at the Haymarket on June 22, 1807, was more calculated to cause Kemble uneasiness; but in spite of his musical voice and grace of style, Young was never placed by competent judges on a level with his rival. If we take stock of comedians of that day the list is very far from appearing so scanty, and it must be confessed that tragic intensity ever has been one of the rarest of the actor's gifts. When Leigh Hunt, doffing the blue gown and yellow hose of the Bluecoat boy, took to studying the London stage for materials for his very remarkable little volume of dramatic criticisms published in 1807, the century could hardly have been more than two or three years old; and we find among his favourites, Bannister, the first low comedian of his day, Mrs. Jordan, with her joyous, bubbling laugh; Elliston, with his graceful affectations; Emery, unrivalled in Yorkshiremen parts; Liston, with his droll countenance; Lewis, with his airy gaiety; and Charles Kemble, most fervent and graceful of stage lovers; not to speak of the elder Mathews, Fawcett, Miss Duncan, Miss Mellon, Munden, Miss Smith and many more, who were accounted performers of note in their time. Whether they would all have satisfied the tastes of modern playgoers may be doubted. The vast stages of Drury Lane and Covent Garden encouraged—indeed, rendered unavoidable—an exaggerated style, and the playwrights, aware of this, deliberately encouraged their broadly marked eccentricities and well-known extravagances. John Kemble took his farewell at Covent Garden in his great part of Coriolanus in 1817; his famous sister had retired some five years earlier. He had lived to see the advent and experience the powerful



CHARLES KEAN, 1838  
"Angels and ministers of grace defend us"



MADAME VESTRIS

given in spite of the Killigrew and Davenant patents. The Lyceum had, moreover, contrived to get a lawful licence from the Lord Chamberlain, which, however, upon those houses vexatious conditions of the kind already mentioned. Braham, the great singer, had also succeeded in getting a licence for the St. James's, which was built by him, and opened on October 14, 1835. Monopoly had thus been compelled to abate its high pretensions, but a stand at last was made in the little Strand theatre, whose audacious encroachments brought upon it prosecutions.

Lyceum by Charles Mathews and (for the greater part of his term) Madame Vestris (1847-56) helped to sustain the standard of comedy acting and to exemplify the importance of careful stage management. The Keeleys, Mrs. Stirling, Robson, Fechter, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan belong to this period of partial re-awakening, and to these I may add Mr. Wright, of the Adelphi, whose legitimate successor was Mr. J. L. Toole, a far more original and humorous comedian.

But the great revival of the drama and of public interest in the

stage, which is so striking a feature of these times, dates from the publication, in 1835, of the Parliamentary Report which revealed the fact that, although the old monopoly of the Patent houses had been relaxed, another monopoly had taken its place owing to the great practical difficulty of obtaining licences for new houses. The theatres, it was said, were already too many. The best answer is that there are now three times as many, and, as a rule, they are better managed and more prosperous. Owing to the good sense and liberal views of the Lord Chamberlain's office, free trade in



WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY  
From the Picture by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Meanwhile the literary drama had ceased to exist, or was represented only by Sheridan Knowles, whose plays were mostly only clever imitations of the poetical dramas of the first half of the eighteenth century. The genius of the beautiful and gifted Mrs. Nisbett aided greatly in giving them vitality; but they were too artificial to sustain anything more than a passing fashion. This condition of things led at length to the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee on theatres, whose report, issued in August, 1832, contains a mass of interesting information. In 1833 an Act was passed which, for the first time, gave to dramatists a statutory protection for the acting rights in their plays; and in 1843, thanks in great part to the exertions of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton, the Theatres Act was passed, which empowered the Lord Chamberlain to license theatres for the performance of the regular drama. Already there was a dawn of better things. Webster's management of the Haymarket, and that of his successor, Buckstone, had kept alive the tradition of old English comedy; and Macready's memorable management of Covent Garden (1837) and Drury Lane (1841), though financially unsuccessful, had, with the aid of the gifted Helen Faucit, excited great interest among the intellectual class of playgoers. It was Macready, it will be remembered, who brought out the most successful of Lord Lytton's dramas. Not less encouraging was Mr. Phelps's management (1844-59) of Sadler's Wells, where that fine and scholarly actor produced with great success a long succession of Shakespeare's plays. Charles Kean's famous Shakespearean revivals at the Princess's (1850-59) tended rather to overwhelm dramatic poetry with scenic art and splendid pageantry. The management of the



THE LATE LADY THEODORE MARTIN (HELEN FAUCIT)  
From a Portrait painted in 1847



JOHN L. TOOLE IN "PAUL PRY"  
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street



SAMUEL PHELPS IN "CALAYNOS"  
From the Painting by E. Walker

theatres was practically established in 1866, and, as theatres have multiplied, a wholesome spirit of emulation has arisen which has been beneficial in its influences alike on the art of acting, on stage management, and on play-writing. It is due to Mrs. Bancroft to say that her famous management of the Prince of Wales's, which is the true starting point of this revival, somewhat anticipated the new order of things, as indicated by the fact that when she needed a theatre she was compelled to make the best of the obscure little playhouse in the inconvenient neighbourhood of Tottenham Street, renamed by her (1865) the Prince of Wales's, where, in association with her husband, she produced, with what excellence of stage management and acting is well remembered, the series of Robertsonian comedies. The earliest of the theatres licensed under the new system were the Holborn (1866), the Queen's (1867), and the Globe (1868), followed in December of the latter year by the Gaiety, under the enterprising management of Mr. John Hollingshead. Then came the Charing Cross (1869), afterwards known as Toole's, and the Vaudeville (1870). Since then the erecting of new theatres has gone on at an accelerated pace, and we have now in London some fifty houses devoted to the regular drama.

In the history of the great movement which has resulted in restoring the stage to the favour of the cultivated classes, Sir Henry Irving must always occupy the most conspicuous place. At first, as the leading actor in the Lyceum company under the



SIR HENRY IRVING AS PARSON PRIMROSE IN "OLI /IA"  
From a Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street



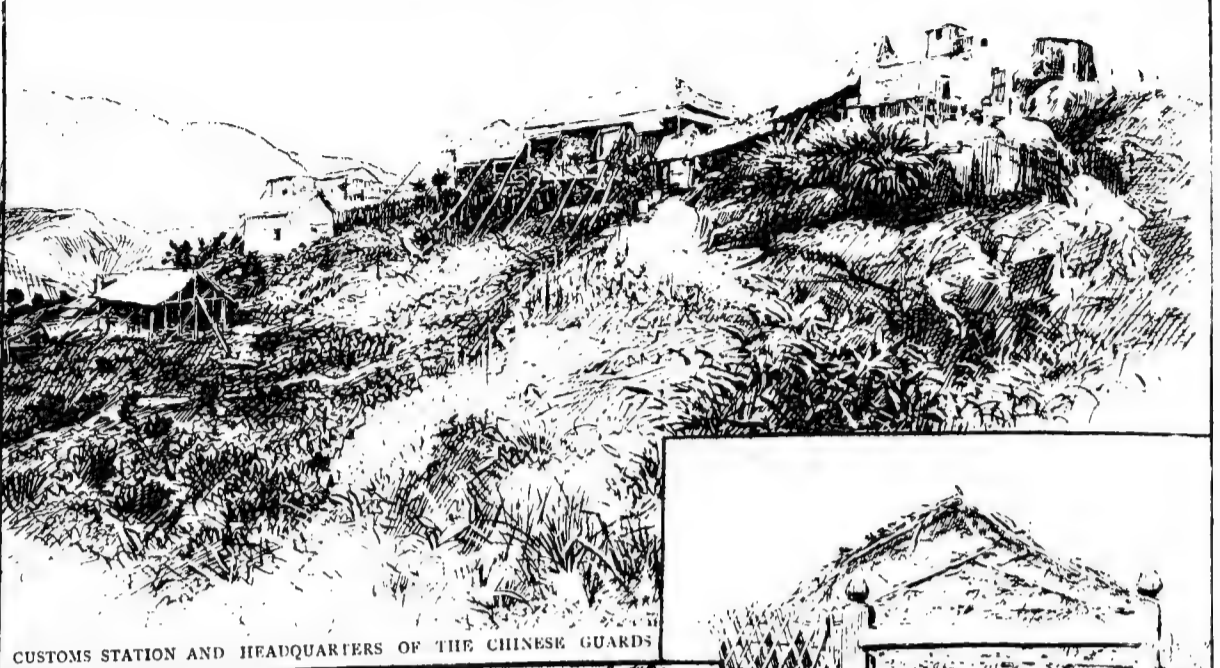
LADY BANCROFT (MARIE WILTON)  
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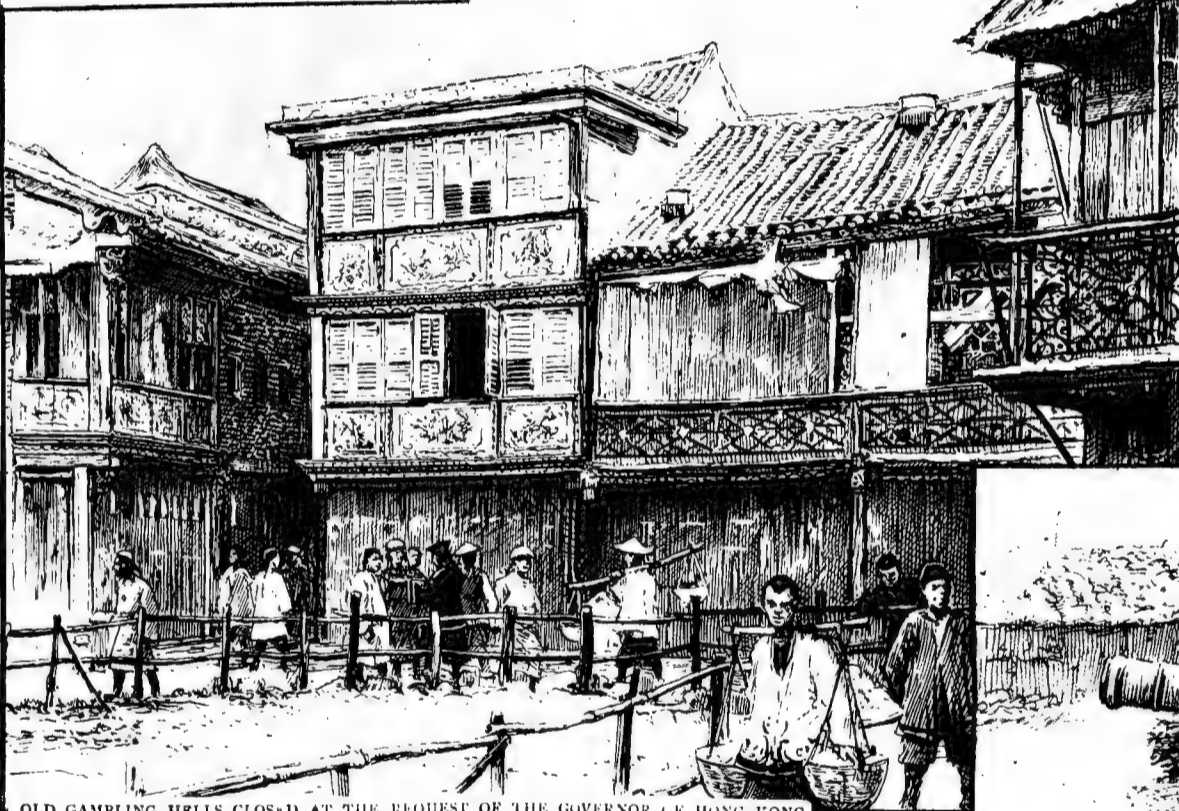
ELLEN TERRY AS QUEEN CATHERINE  
From a Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street



A COOLIE WOMAN AND HER CHILD



CUSTOMS STATION AND HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHINESE GUARDS



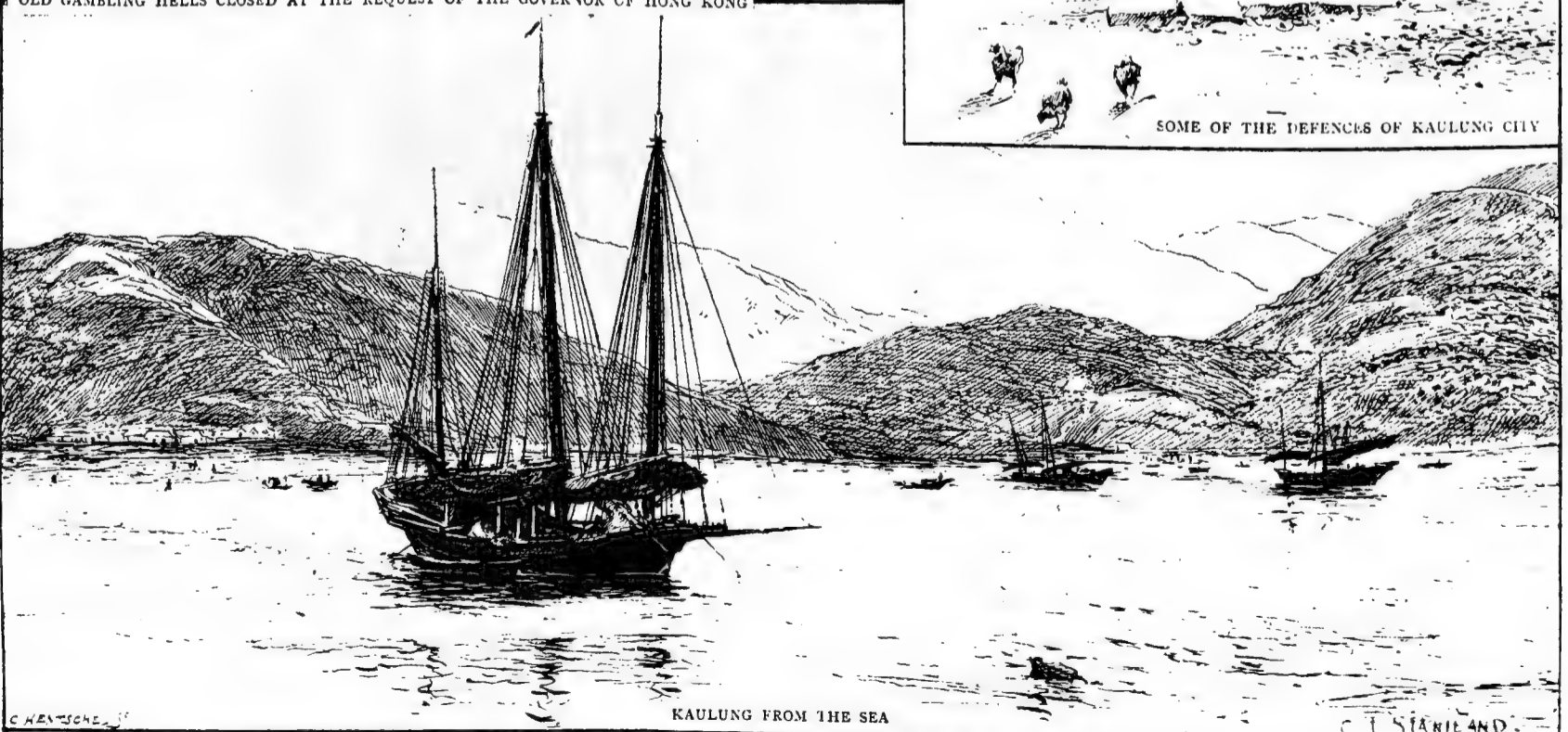
OLD GAMBLING HELLS CLOSED AT THE REQUEST OF THE GOVERNOR OF HONG KONG



ON THE OLD BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN BRITISH AND CHINESE TERRITORY



SOME OF THE DEFENCES OF KAULUNG CITY



KAULUNG FROM THE SEA

C. HENTSCHE, JR.

DRAWN BY C. J. STANILAND, R.I.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHESNEY DUNCAN AND H. S. BURNISTON, R.N.

OUR LATEST ACQUISITION IN CHINA: THE KAULUNG EXTENSION IN THE HONG KONG HINTERLAND



management of the late Mr. Bateman, and then as lessee and manager of that prosperous house, he has for eight-and-twenty years devoted his genius to the drama, and made first-nights at the Lyceum events of widespread interest. In these results, no doubt, that immensely popular actress, Miss Ellen Terry, must claim a share; but it is none the less to the histrionic gifts, the bold enterprise, the sagacious judgment, and the standard of excellence of Sir Henry Irving that we owe the high position of the Lyceum Theatre in the estimation of the play-going public of these days. This is not the place to estimate the services that this distinguished actor and manager has rendered to the drama and the stage. The leading facts of his brilliant career are familiar to all who have any taste for theatrical entertainments, and now that he has found some relief from the labours and anxieties of practical management, who does not indulge the hope that the Lyceum stage, with which his name is and ever must be associated, will be for him the scene of future triumphs not less brilliant than those of the past.

A complete survey of the stage in these days would be a task far beyond my allotted limit of space; but a glance at some of its leading features will not be out of place. While some enthusiasts are clamouring for State or municipal aid for the support of model theatres it must be obvious that dramatic entertainments have, under the influence of a healthy emulation, made advances that few were bold enough to hope for fifty years ago. Great genius, no doubt, continues to be rare on the stage as elsewhere; but the general level of acting, and the arts of stage management, have undergone a marked improvement. There are, no doubt, playgoers of coarse tastes. Melodramas, farces, and so-called musical comedies, now much in favour, are certainly not entertainments of a high class; but what is to be borne in mind is that there is still a large and intelligent public ready, and indeed eager, to offer encouragement to what is worthy. The sustained prosperity of the Lyceum, and the brilliant success of the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, first at the Prince of Wales's and then at the Haymarket, cannot be explained on any other assumption, not to speak of the refined and finished productions which characterise the rule of Mr. Beerbohm Tree at Her Majesty's, Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's, Messrs. Harrison and Cyril Maude at the Haymarket, Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Criterion, Mr. Hare at the Globe, Mr. Arthur Chudleigh at the Court, Mr. Edward Terry at Terry's theatre, Mr. Charles Hawtrey at the Avenue, Mr. William Greet at the Comedy, Mr. Frohman at the Duke of York's, and others. Great histrionic genius is, as I have already said, not to be looked for every day; but for number and variety of talent the muster roll of our actors and actresses would certainly bear favourable comparison with that of any bygone time. Not less encouraging is the advent of a little band of dramatists who, unlike the playwrights of half a century ago, have not been content to rely upon adaptations from the French. Foremost among these are Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Comyns Carr, and Mr. L. N. Parker,

who furnish what is, perhaps, the best evidence of their faith in the literary quality of their productions, by giving them to the world not merely as plays to be seen but as books to be read.

## An Artistic Canserie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE published lists of the awards of the Salon bear out the prophecy that was made some weeks ago—that the best painters were keeping back their best things in order to be able to make a strong exhibition next year. As it is, not a single first-class medal

almost seems as though there were no desire in France that English Art should be well represented. There is actually room for more than three hundred pictures, and the court set aside sculpture has aroused the ire of our representatives, by reason of equal inadequacy.

Two Academicians contributing two works apiece will fill up the space, so that the body of selected outsiders are likely to have little chance of a show at all. The Academy practically has the affair in hand—its President is chairman, and its Secretary serves a similar capacity; it seems hardly likely, therefore, that the Société des artistes, as a school, and the "modern" outsider will be able to do so much as an invitation. If the French authorities maintain the *non possumus* in view of the enormous space they have retained for themselves they should be made to understand that nothing but a partial representation of English art is to be expected.

The Velasquez Tercentenary Exhibition in Scotland is not only in logical sequence to the Rembrandt collection at Amsterdam, but it is a delightful event in itself, which ought to draw artistic favour to Spain. There is an appropriateness, too, in the place occupied by the exhibition of Velasquez between those of the two masters of Flanders, with which State Spain had at one time such intimate concern. A Velasquez collection has already been spoken of for next year at the Guildhall. That such an event would be extremely popular there is not the slightest doubt; but although it is claimed that we have in England as many canvases by the master as Spain has herself, numbers must not mislead us into imagining that they are of corresponding importance.

The exhibition of *repoussé* silver-work by Mr. Gilbert Marks at the gallery of the Fine Art Society will remind the art public that there are one or two men amongst us who are not only willing but able to raise the art of the silversmith to the height it once occupied. Such an exhibition is a concrete protest against the wholesale "Birmingham" machine-made silver, with which even men of taste are at the present day willing to load their table—objets of poor design, stamped by the score, the hundred, the thousand—a distant echo of the model which some designer wrought years and years ago. Mr. Marks practises the arts of the fine smith—he designs and draws, produces his own dainty and often symbolical fancies upon the silver, beats it up with his own hands. It is too soon to say that Mr. Marks is destined to develop into an artist like Paul Lamerie, but that he has equally deserved success, honour, and remembrance will be evident to any who examine his work and realise the spirit with which it has been undertaken, and the obstacles which he has had to face. There are some few points on which manufacturers and trade-unions make common cause: that in which a working silversmith makes every piece an original work of art, and makes it all himself, is one. It is for the lover of the beautiful and the "patron" of art to encourage such a struggle as this exhibition clearly typifies.



Serious loss is caused to the Italian Customs revenue by smugglers from Switzerland, who do a considerable trade in tobacco and other contraband articles. Italian gunboats are therefore kept on Lake Maggiore for the prevention of smuggling. The sight of gunboats lying off such a peaceful spot as Cannobbio strikes a traveller as very out of keeping with the beautiful surroundings. Our illustration is from a sketch by J. Agard Evans

### INLAND DUTIES OF THE ITALIAN NAVY: GUNBOATS ON LAKE MAGGIORE

has been awarded; while among the recipients of the others there appears the name of no English artist of importance and reputation. English painters are not in very good odour, perhaps, and the treatment of Frenchmen in London has not tended to smooth matters much; but it is doubtful if any consideration other than strict justice has dictated the decision of the jury.

A much more serious matter in its way is moving our artistic community to anger—a matter so hopeless that it seems as if all the efforts of the Government and the Royal Academy would prove powerless. The space offered to us in the Paris Centennial Exhibition for the Art Section is so derisively inadequate that it

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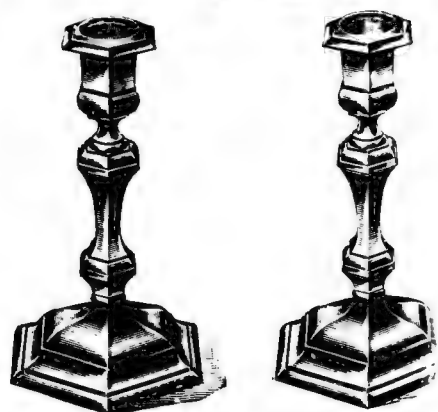
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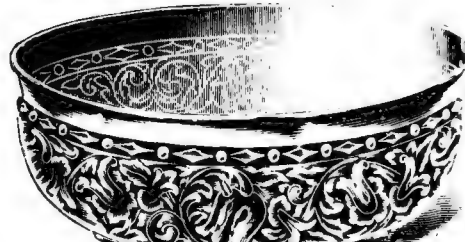
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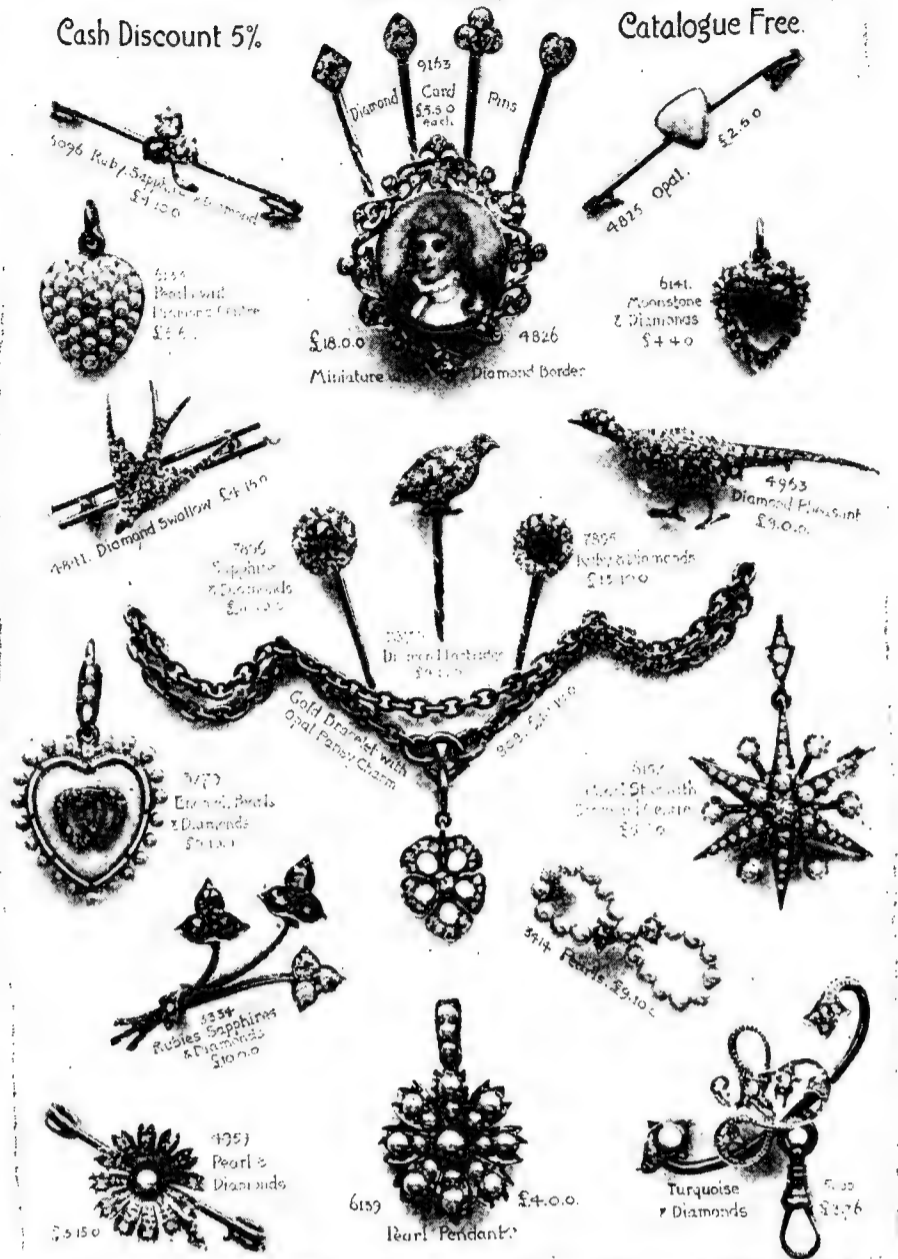
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"THE NEWSPAPER GIRL"

"SOME of the people, some of the incidents," says Mrs. C. N. Williamson in her dedication to her "first edition" of "The Newspaper Girl" (C. Arthur Pearson), "you will recognise; those that never were, and perhaps never could be, may cause you a smile." If that first editor of hers has—as the literary discoverer of Mrs. Williamson can hardly fail to have—a sympathy with

youthful high spirits and an author's evident enjoyment of her own work, the smile is inevitable, and it will be a smile of pleasure. The situation on which the story is based is the not unprecedented whim of a rich and beautiful heiress from Colorado, who, in order to keep clear of a fortune hunter, exchanges identities with a struggling young lady journalist, bound for London. So it comes to pass that the supposed heiress is drowned at sea, and that the real heiress, by her pluck and resourcefulness, she saves the editor of a great leading journal from a villainous conspiracy, and unites the rôles of good fairy and princess of romance under the garb of just a "Newspaper Girl," Mrs. Williamson tells, as we have said, with a contagious zest, and a complete triumph over the most discouraging improbabilities. In short, she grasps her nettle—and her readers besides.

"UNTIL THE DAWN"

"Until the Dawn," by S. E. Walford (Chapman and Hall), is the story of a mysterious murder, committed, as is not unusual in such cases, by a very unlikely person under very unlikely circumstances. It has not, indeed, been the author's purpose to keep the reader in the dark; though none the less the pleasure of neophytes in the art of novel-reading, must not be spoiled by disclosure at second hand. The purpose, as we gather it, is less to ravel and unravel a circumstantial tangle than to oppose a current belief in the necessary transmission to children of their parents' worse qualities, and the injustice to which—in theory at least—such a belief tends to cause. On this subject much manly good sense is represented by S. E. Walford's hero. Without being especially well constructed, the story is at any rate of quite as much interest as any habitual novel reader is likely to require.

"FRANK REDLAND, RECRUIT"

Despite its title, Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's "Frank Redland, Recruit" (John Long) is anything but a military novel. Indeed, a single page alone represents the experiences of a taker of the Queen's shilling. It is an amiable little story of true love—so simply true that the roughnesses of its course are of no more real moment to the lovers than are the rocks in a torrent to a bird. Fanchette Lafitte, at any rate, the half-French heroine, who becomes a woman without losing the soul of a child, flies over them with innocent ease. Altogether, there is a poetical quality about the work which gives it a character of its own, and exempts it from the criticism due to realistic prose.

"THE CONFOUNDING OF CAMELIA"

The claims of the "young person" are unusually well recognised in Anne Douglas Sedgwick's awkwardly named novel, "The Confounding of Camelia" (William Heinemann). Camelia is herself a young person with some very deplorable though by no means uncommon traits—notably a want of consideration for truth as well as for other people. None the less she has a heart, and this—need it be said?—is given to the only man who, while loving her despite his judgment, sees through her, never loses an occasion of telling her what he thinks of her, and finally gives her such a moral shaking as to shake her into a better girl. These scoldings



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should prove edifying to youthful readers who may perceive in themselves any Camelia-like tendencies, and will certainly gratify the more numerous class of persons who may observe similar tendencies in others. The success of the process, however, fails to inspire us with much compassion, for the two distinguished statesmen—one representing the Government, the other the Opposition—had to yield her to her rugged and middle-aged Mentor. If she continues to enjoy his scoldings after marriage, well and good. But will she? Should her biographer give us a sequel by way of answer, it will not be unwelcome.

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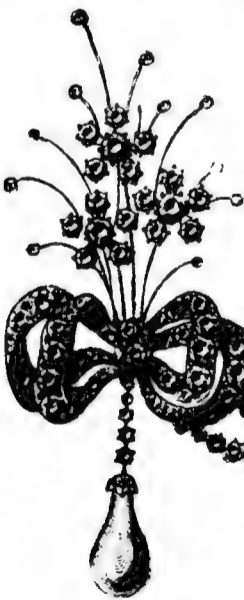


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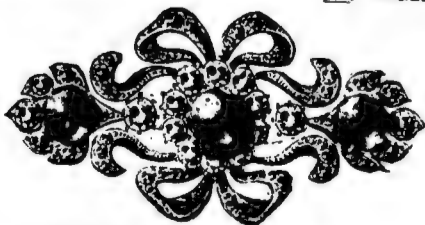
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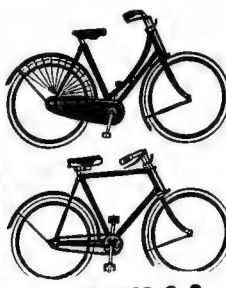
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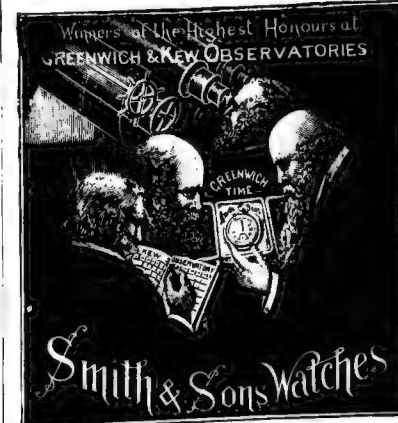
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# The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

MISS JENNIE LEE, the creator of the character of "Jo," received a benefit on Tuesday at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. It is nearly thirty years ago since Miss Jennie Lee became famous as "Jo," in an adaptation of Dickens's "Bleak House," and at the benefit she once more appeared in the part in a small selection from the play. The programme was a very long one, and among those who contributed their services were Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Frank Cooper, who gave their clever little dialogue, *Variations*; Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Winifred Emery, who appeared in a satirical little sketch, *The Ordeal of the Honey-moon*; Mr. Brandon Thomas and Miss Lottie Venne, who played *My Milliner's Bill*; and Mr. Fuller Mellish and Miss de Silva, who gave an *Idyll of Seven Dials*. Assistance was also lent by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Kendal, Miss Genevieve Ward, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Courtice Pounds.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



MISS JENNIE LEE  
As "Jo"

the premises, not to speak of Charles Cheyne, an old flame of Mrs. Vivian's, whose name he has fraudulently assumed for the purpose of deceiving his victim regarding his identity. From this point the rather intricate plot of the piece turns simply upon a case of mistaken identity. Mrs. Vivian, who has allowed her old flame to renew his suit, and has even accepted his offer of marriage, is by an unfortunate series of coincidences led to believe that Hester's betrayer is identical with Charles Cheyne, whose name he has adopted; whereupon, in the impulsive manner of stage heroines, Mrs. Vivian, disregarding his protestations of innocence, dismisses the man of her choice with bitter reproaches. As the explanation, however, and consequently the defeat of Barwell's base machinations, must obviously be arrived at whenever Cheyne and his alleged victim are confronted, it is difficult for the spectator to feel any anxiety regarding the *dénouement* which necessarily comes as a foregone conclusion. Messrs. Winthrop and Lisle's plot, in fact, though woven with some amount of ingenuity, belongs purely to stage land, and is not to be associated with anything of which we have experience outside the playhouse walls. A similar observation applies to the personages, though Lady Shackelford, the experienced woman of the world, with her smart sayings and her decisive tone and manner, is, in the person of Miss Fanny Brough, an old acquaintance whom we are glad to meet again, albeit the author's attempt to impart an emotional tinge to her character is—owing chiefly to the manifest artificiality of the situation—not particularly happy. A crowded audience, consisting in great part of fashionable folk, indulgently extended to the play a cordial welcome; but the authors prudently declined an invitation to present themselves before the footlights.

Mr. Walter Crane and his associates are looking forward with great interest to the new masque which they have undertaken to present, in conformity with Elizabethan and Jacobean conditions, in the Guildhall of the City of London before the close of the present month. As is well known, the City Guilds used to be renowned for these old pageants, but Mr. Crane's scheme will doubtless throw into the shade the efforts of those simple-minded days. The leading feature of the Guildhall entertainment will be "A Vision of Fair Cities," commencing with Thebes and ending with Paris. London is to be presented as the Cinderella of the family till she is rescued from her former dingy state to take her place with the rest of the "fair cities"—all which, no doubt, refers to the wonderful transformation of our street architecture that has been going on for many years, and is still in active progress.

It is good news that Mr. Charles Wyndham has chosen to complete his season at the CRITERION with a revival of *Rosemary*, in which he will, of course, sustain his original part of Sir Jasper Thorndyke. Messrs. L. N. Parker and Murray Carson's quaintly pretty play has the sovereign quality of imagination, and is decidedly one of the most original pieces of modern times. It is on this occasion that Mr. Wyndham will take his farewell of this prosperous theatre, which has been under his direction for three-and-twenty years. The entire receipts are to be handed over to a dramatic charity.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is actively engaged in organising his great bazaar for the benefit of the Charing Cross Hospital, which is to be held on the 21st and 22nd inst. More than a hundred authors and other public personages have contributed letterpress or drawings to the souvenir volume, which has been prepared for the occasion, and

will be sold at the price of half a guinea. As the committee already see their way to selling a first edition of 3,000 copies, it will be perceived that this part of the scheme promises well for the fund. The cover of the book has been designed by Mr. E. J. B. Mason.

All friends of the drama and well-wishers to the stage will rejoice to know that the improvement in Sir Henry Irving's health has since his brief rest been well maintained, and that the magnificent performances of *Robespierre* have been witnessed this week at the Theatre by crowded audiences. Sir Henry, however, wisely adhering to his determination not to incur the fatigue of playing his part more than twice in one day. There will be no matinees on the first two days in July, but there will be no evening performances on the following Monday.

On Tuesday *H.M.S. Pinafore* will be revived at the Theatre, in place of *The Lucky Star*, and at TERRY'S, on the afternoon of the same day, a representation will be given of Mr. Marryat's *Heather Field*, as recently given in Dublin. At the Theatre on Thursday Madame Sarah Bernhardt makes her first appearance in London this season—choosing for the occasion *Hamlet*, in which, as all the world knows, she is to impersonate the young Prince of Denmark, is to be given on the following Monday.



The celebrated old Dona Maria died last week at the baths of the State of San Paulo, Brazil, at the extraordinary age of 117. She was an object of great interest to the frequenters of the famous water-cure of Lambari, who visited her and supported her by gifts. She was a widow and leaves one daughter living. The great age with which she is credited is accepted as correct by local authorities.

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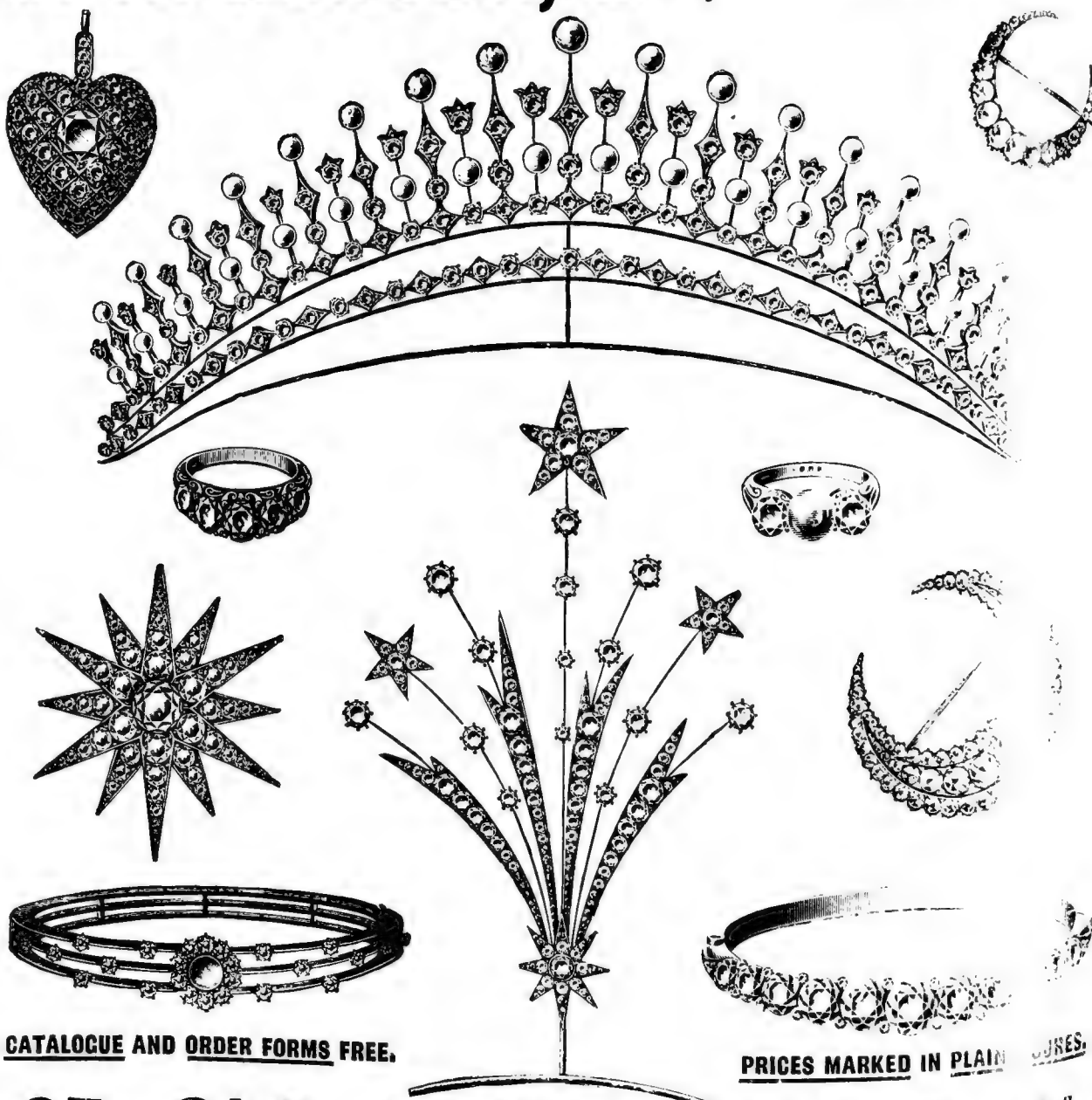
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# Danton

In placing these volumes before the public, both authors are actuated by the same motive, viz., the rehabilitation of the character of Danton. They both agree that justice has never been accorded him. He has been described as the "Cataline of the Revolution," as the "blatant Danton," as the "monster," and one writer prefaces his notebook on the Revolution by saying that he is "going to describe the beast." Both of these authors agree, though, in saying that Danton loved, before all else, his country, and put forth all his energy, all his strength, to make it powerful and its people contented.

Mr. Belloc writes:—

His faults—and they were many—his vices (and a severe critic would have discovered them also) flowed from two sources; first, he was too little of an idealist, too much absorbed in the immediate thing; secondly, he suffered from all the evil effects that abundant energy may produce—the habit of catharsis, the rhetoric of sudden diatribes, violent and overstrained action, with its subsequent demand for repose.

It was not until the nation was attacked, until danger threatened from within and without, that Danton showed his real strength:—

For thirteen months, from that 10th of August, 1792, which he made, to the early autumn of the following year, Danton, his spirit, his energy, his practical grasp of things as they were, formed the strength of France. While the theorists, from whom he so profoundly differed, were wasting themselves in a kind of political introspection, he raised the armies. When the orators could only find great phrases to lead the rage against Dumouriez' treason, he formed the committee to be a dictator for a falling nation.

Danton cannot be held responsible for the September massacres. Whether he could have done anything to stop them is doubtful. At the time they began at Carnes, Danton was making his last effort to turn the anger of the moment into an enthusiasm for the Champ de Mars and the volunteers. It was then he made his famous speech, which closed with the historical words regarding the enemies of France: "Pour les vaincre, pour les atterrir, que faut-il? De

"Danton: a Study." By Hilaire Belloc, B.A. (Nisbet.) "The Life of Danton." By A. H. Beesly. (Longmans.)

*l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace—et la France est sauvée.*"

The speech that Danton made when opposing Cambon, who wanted to separate the State from what remained of the Church, to break the vow of 1790, should stamp him as a man not wholly bereft of feeling, as some would paint him. The following passage is beautiful, almost poetic, and is, as Mr. Belloc says, "better fitted to the defence of an older and stronger thing than the wretched constitutional priesthood":—

It is treason against the nation to take away its dreams. For my part, I admit, I have known but one God—the God of all the world and of justice. The man in the fields adds to this conception that of a man who works, whom he makes sacred because his youth, his manhood, and his old age owe to his priest their little moments of happiness. When a man is poor and wretched, his soul grows tender, and he clings especially to whatever seems majestic: leave him his illusions—teach him if you will . . . but do not let the poor feel that they may lose the one thing that binds them to earth, since wealth cannot bind them.

Mr. Belloc's drawing of Danton is vivid and lifelike; we feel that we have a clearer insight into the mind of the Revolutionist; in fact, that the true Danton is revealed to us.

In looking back to the causes of the Revolution in Mr. Beesly's volume, we can only be surprised that it did not come earlier:—

A people rebels when it is misgoverned, or starved. The French people were both starved and misgoverned. The writings of Voltaire and Beaumarchais killed many superstitions. The writings of Rousseau created many yearnings. . . . The imbecility of the Court surpassed the hopes of its most sanguine enemies. But each of these factors in the Revolution, and all of them put together, might not improbably have failed to revolutionise France, if it had not been for the profound misery and degradation of the French people.

In ten years the population diminished one-third. In 1709 a cure entered in his parish register, "I certify to all those whom it may concern that all the persons who are named in this parish register have died of famine, with the exception of M. Discrots and his daughter." And adds, "The people have been eating dead carrion for a fortnight past; there is no corn, and women have smothered their children for dread of having to feed them." The penal code was of merciless severity. Torture was still employed. Men were still broken on the wheel. Flogging and branding were the common

punishments for smuggling such necessities as salt. Peasants were forbidden to weed or hoe when there were young potatoes to use manure which might injure their flavour if they fed on it so nourished, to mow before a certain time or take away any of the hay they should lack shelter. Mr. Beesly says:—

In shocking contrast to all this wretchedness was the cold-bloodedness of the nobles and their impunity for all sorts of crime. In 1723, in the Duc of Béthune's carriage ran over a girl in a field. Amid the shrieks of the child's mother he exclaimed, without getting out, "The woman come to my house, she will be paid for her loss." In 1789, the Comte de Charolais amused himself with shooting some peasants on his property, laughing merrily as his victims rolled from the heights; however, was too much even for Louis XV., and he was the Comte de Charolais committed any fresh offence he would pardon anyone who killed him.

The last six months of Danton's life were a single-handled struggle under hopeless conditions. The writer tells us that those confronting him had no desire for peace abroad, because an excuse for keeping up revolutionary despotism at home; having no personal ambition, craving only for himself a normal country life, would have concluded peace, would have a normal Government, would have fostered trade and industry, law, equal chances of education, and enough to eat. These three things which, in Danton's eyes, constituted the basis of a Republic.

In telling us "Why Danton failed," he says:—

Unfortunately in one thing, without which greatness is not sustained, he was lacking. Though marvellously energetic in an emergency, constitutionally painstaking, he was over-sanguine and unmethodical. He used a homely simile, he had the invention of the architect, the builder, but was without the sleepless vigilance of the clerk of works. He had plenty of friends, but no party. When in his independence he released Vincent and Ronsin, when he decreed the release of the Commune, he thought he was outwitting over-despotism. In reality he was warning and arming his enemies against himself. The selfishness of his own intentions and in his own regard, he brought himself to believe that he would fall a victim to the "shallow scoundrels." And, indeed, there is something monstrous in the eloquence, and popularity having been discomfited by such "shallow scoundrels"; something grotesque and monstrous in his having been charged of conspiracy with the foreigner against France.

Mr. Beesly's book is a valuable contribution to the history of the French Revolution. It is written with absolute impartiality, evinces great literary ability.



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NATURE'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE

**A Reliable Corrective for Children's Ailments.**  
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## THE "MERRY MONTH"

few weeks of steady sunshine. But the agricultural year cannot now, as a whole, be a good one, and the health of stock, especially lambs, leaves much to be desired.

## SCOTLAND

The North of Britain of recent years has not infrequently enjoyed mild and pleasant weather when South Britain has been in the grasp of frost. In 1893, and again last year, when remarkably dry weather prevailed all over England, all Scotland, except the south-east, had a full average rainfall. This spring, however, the conditions prevailing in London have ruled throughout the United Kingdom. The night frosts experienced in the metropolitan area have extended not only to the West of England, but also to Ireland, and in Scotland they have been very severe, accompanied by frequent showers of sleet in the early morning and late evening, and attended in the Highlands on the 16th inst. by a somewhat heavy fall of snow. Under these circumstances spring sowings are extraordinarily late, and it is to be feared that neither of oats or barley

will a full acre now be sown. The lambing season is the worst in many years, and on the uplands the deaths both of ewes and lambs amount to absolute disaster. Higher prices for beef, mutton and potatoes are some compensation for present trouble. Wheat, barley and oats are all selling at much less money than was attainable a twelvemonth ago, and this despite the fact that the price of seed is falling off in prospects.

“MIDSTONE”

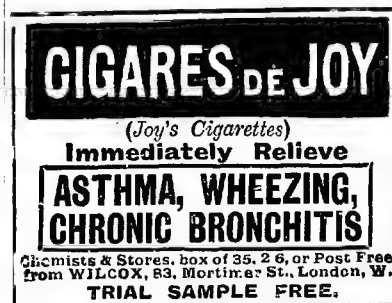
The entries for the great show of the year at Maidstone are completed, as, although it does not open till the 19th, the entries have to be in by the end of May. There is, we may say, a falling off in five sections out of the six, and this the show being held this year within a forty-five minutes' journey of London. The total display will include, however, 683 horses, 683 cattle, 631 sheep, 147 pigs, 669 fowls, 625 exotics; a truly prodigious show in any case.

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 PICK  
 ME UP  
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 A SAUCE.

**THE MOST DELICIOUS SAUCE IN THE WORLD.**

THE CELEBRATED  
 YORKSHIRE RELISH  
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Take care of your health; the ill effects of excess can be avoided by a little forethought.

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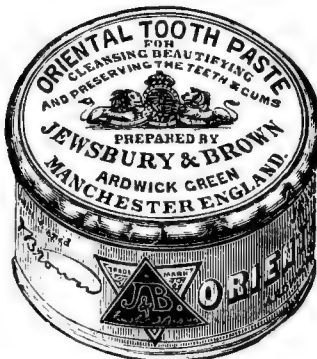
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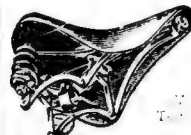
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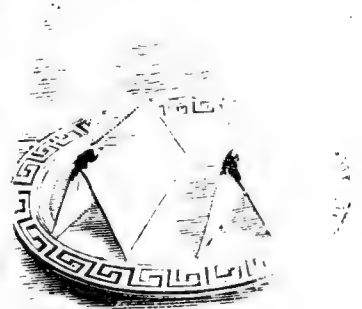
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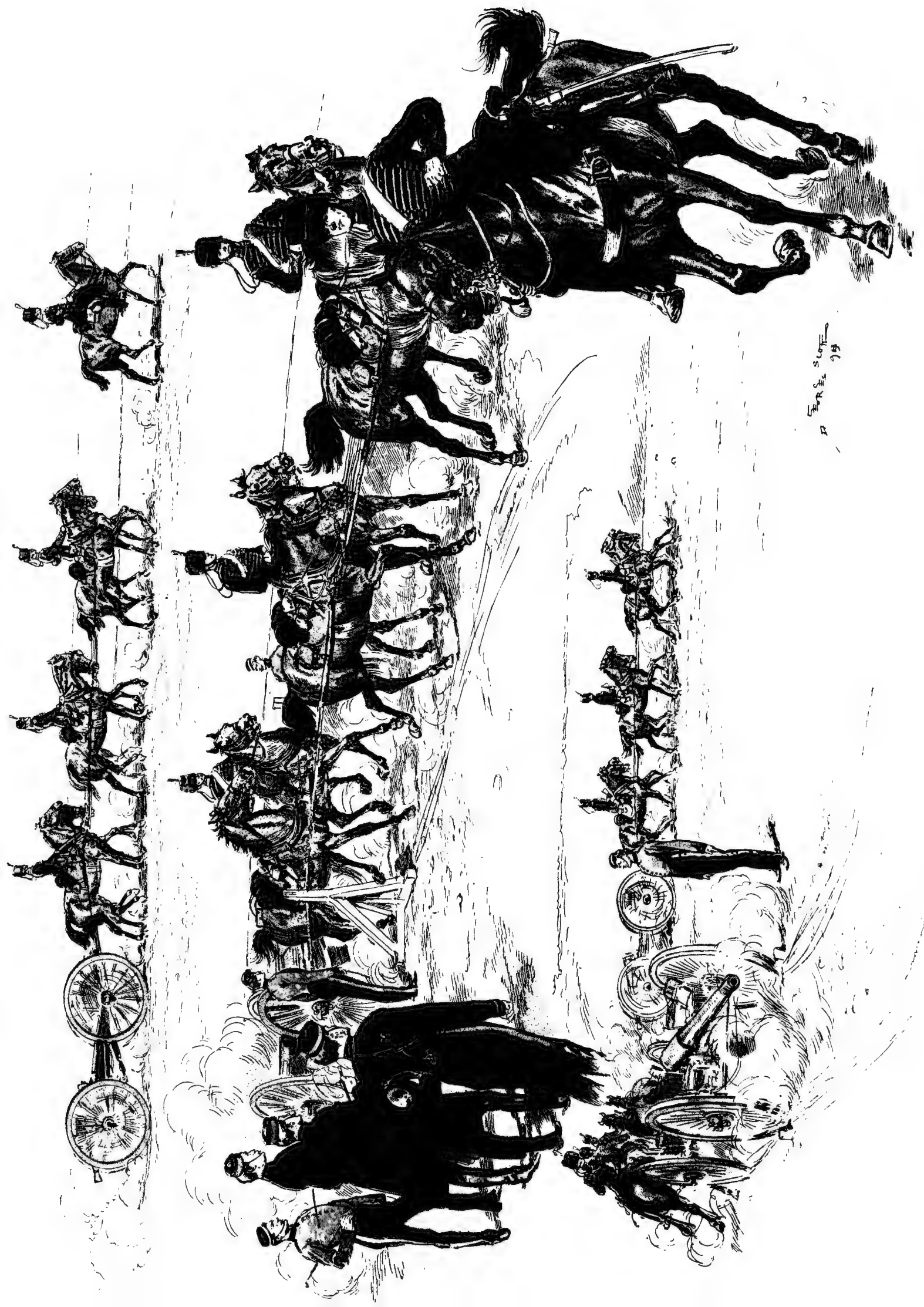
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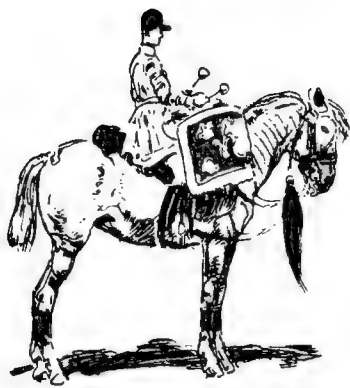
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AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT



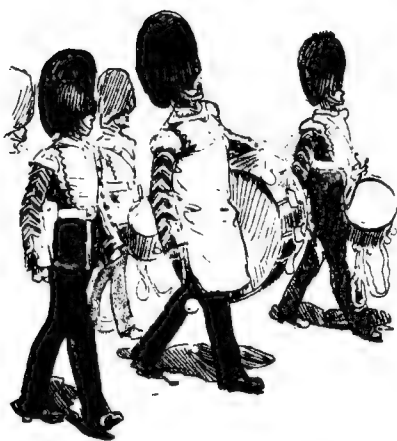
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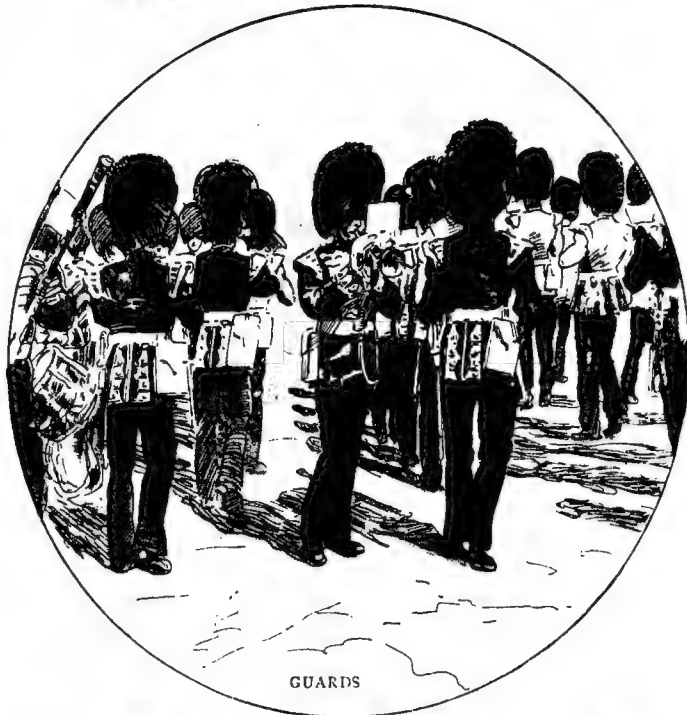
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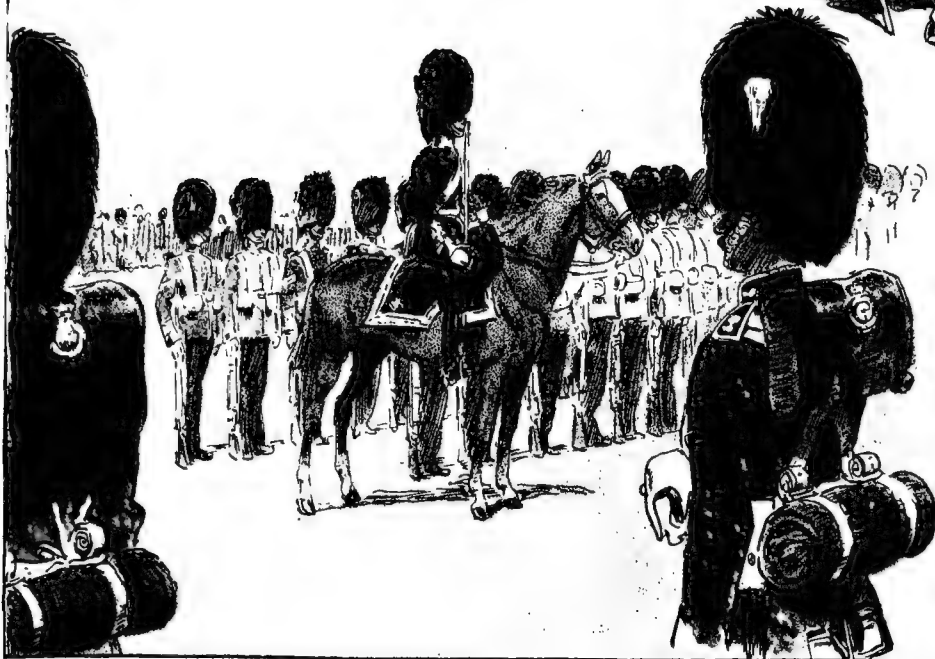
GUARDS



DRUMMER OF THE SCOTS GUARDS



BAND OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS



MARCH PAST OF COLDSTREAMS. GRENADIERS KEEPING GROUND



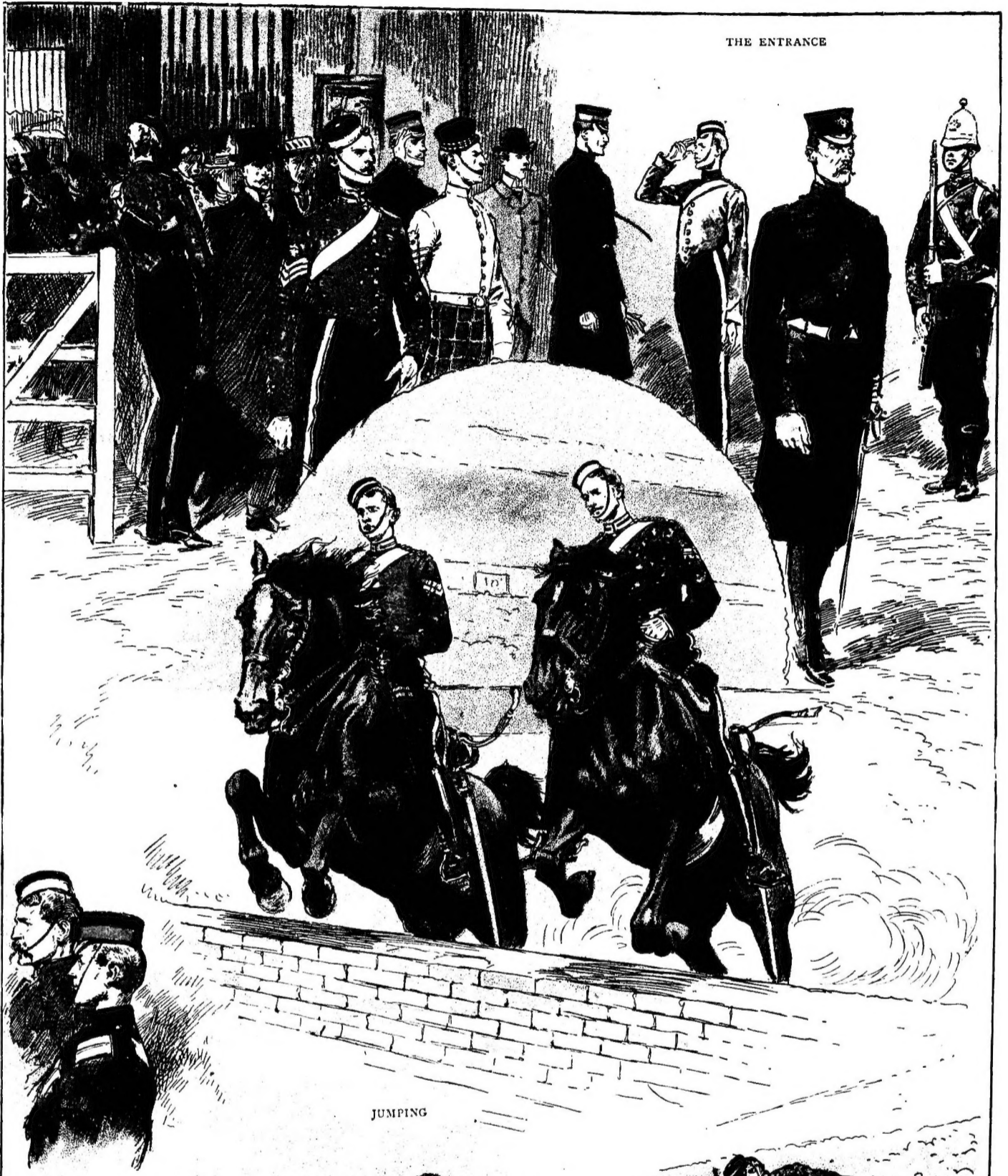
AN INTERVAL

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THE MUSICAL RIDE OF THE ROYAL DRAGOONS  
AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT  
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THE ENTRANCE



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THE GRAPHIC, JUNE 3, 1899

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